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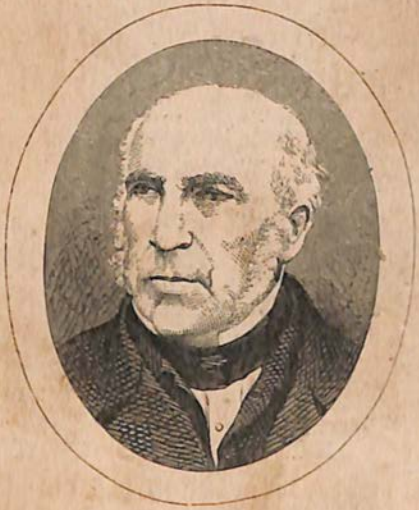

J. Healy

(From a Photograph.)

A FEW

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK,

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HIS SPEECHES AND WRITINGS.

BY

RICHARD HERRING,

AUTHOR OF "PAPER AND PAPER-MAKING, ANCIENT AND MODERN," "THE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE VARIETIES AND RELATIVE VALUES OF PAPER," AND ARTICLES ON THOSE SUBJECTS IN DR. URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

My friendly acquaintance with Dr. Croly originated in my connection with him as a parishioner. I have waited, in the hope that some fitting memorial of so distinguished a man would before now have been given to the world. But as this has not been done, I have been induced to commit to paper these brief Recollections of our intercourse, as a token of respect to the memory of a revered and valued friend, in the hope that any contribution, however slight, to the history of a man so eminent, may not be unacceptable to his numerous admirers and friends.

To justify the reverent admiration of those who were in the habit of attending his ministry, I have appended a selection from his published writings, which will enable any one to estimate rightly his ability and eloquence, both as a preacher and as a poet, and may, perhaps, lead to a more extended circulation of his works.

Dr. Croly's volume of "Sermons," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., and his "Scenes from Scripture and other Poems," published by Mr. Colburn, to which I am much indebted, are especially deserving of attention.

R. H.

64, Watling Street.
May, 1861

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

ETC.

In the second "Gallery of Literary Portraits," Dr. Croly is mentioned as almost the last survivor of that school of Irish eloquence which was graced by the names of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Flood.

"He has most of the merits," says the writer, "and some of the faults of that school. A singular school it has been, when we consider the circumstances and character of the country where it flourished. The most miserable has been the most eloquent of countries. The worst cultivated country has borne the richest crop of flowers—of

speech. The barrenness of its bogs has been compensated by the rank fertility of its brains. Its groans have been set to wild and wondrous music—its oratory has been a safety-valve to its otherwise intolerable wrongs."

The early life of Dr. Croly is almost unknown, as he outlived the companions of his youth. In some lines which he composed at Brighton, in November, 1859, exactly twelve months prior to his decease, we have, I believe, his own estimate of youth and old age.

What is youth! a bold gamester! who stakes
against fate,
At a table of swindlers in Church or in State;
He flings his last venture for fortune and fame—
To find one a *cheat*, and the other a *name*.
With despair in his heart, and disdain in his eye,
He turns from the table, and turns but to die.
He's the eagle no more; he now envies the wren,
And pines for the peace of the Threescore and
Ten.

When the sun pours the splendours of noon on our eyes,
Those splendours but veil the true pomp of the skies;
'Tis but when he sinks in the surges of even,
That we see, in its grandeur, the star-studded heaven.
The horizon of life thus grows clearer by years;
Man is freed from his fever of hopes and of fears;
What was storm in the mountain, is calm in the glen.
And he feels the true joys of the Threescore and Ten.

For the whole time during which I had the privilege to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Croly, nothing surprised me more than his affectionate kindness in private life. The outer world knew nothing of this, and were even prone to censure him for some supposed inconsistency with his sacred profession; but it will be my province now to record those reminiscences of the past which will serve to illustrate his true character as a Christian divine, as

an author, and as a man. And, in doing so, I cannot forbear expressing at once my opinion, that I shall shew Dr. Croly to have been much undervalued in his day and generation.

It has been remarked, that Dr. Croly was at once the glory of the Church and its shame; its glory, in his brilliant talents; its shame, inasmuch as those talents were not recognised until he was fifty-five years of age, when he was presented with a living. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and came to London in the beginning of the present century, devoting himself especially, in early manhood, to literary pursuits.

His first presentation was to Bondleigh, a parish on the skirts of Exmoor, in Devon; but, on going there, he was so dissatisfied with the place, on account of its wildness and desolation, that he never entered on his duties. In the year 1835, Lord Lyndhurst, who was then Lord Chancellor, presented

him with the living of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on the urgent recommendation of Lord Brougham.

It has often been mentioned, as a circumstance to be deplored, "that Croly was a disappointed man, and that his feelings in this respect were frequently manifested in his writings." There can be no doubt, that at times he did feel deeply disappointed; and one cannot help repeating, with Dr. Gregg —"Who, that remembers his life and his labours, his faithfulness and his virtues, can avoid saying, that he suffered undeserved neglect?" But the question is, How did this neglect and consequent disappointment affect Dr. Croly? We have it upon record in his own verses, as they were poured forth from his inmost soul. I shall quote the whole poem to which I allude, as it is considered one of his finest productions.

Hast thou climbed ambition's height,
Man of genius, man of might!
Seeing from thy lofty seat
All life's storms beneath thy feet.
Empire spread before thine eye,
Homage, fear, and flattery;
All the sounds that reach thee there,—
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer.

Hast thou in life's lowliest vale,
Seen thy patient labours fail,
Felt ill-fortune's daily thrill
Waste thine energy of will.
Yet without revenge or hate;
Wouldst thou stand the stroke of fate;
Wouldst thou bear, as man should bear,—
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer!

Hast thou, Man of Intellect!
Seen thy soaring spirit checked;
Struggling in the righteous cause,
Champion of God's slighted laws.
Seen the slave, or the supine,
Win the prize that should be thine;
Wouldst thou scorn, and wouldst thou *spare*,—
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer.

Hast thou stood beside the bed,
When the gentle Spirit fled!
Sharer of life's hopes and fears,
Youth's first passion, love of years,

Saint on earth, and Saint above,
Life of life, and love of love.
Wouldst thou shun the last despair,—
Kneel, and seek the *power* of prayer!

This was Croly's inner life. To the world in general, he may often have appeared harsh in manner, and even careless as to formal religion. But his true character was very different. If I were to record his failings, I could mention nothing more pointedly than his perpetual dread of being thought hypocritical. A fear which put a continual restraint upon the expression of his truest feelings, and cast many a gloomy doubt upon the minds of others to his own disparagement. Harassed, likewise, as he was for a long period, by the condition of the rectory of St. Stephen, Walbrook, and weary of a lengthened litigation to obtain justice for the parish, during the continuance of which a considerable portion of his income was withheld from him, his reputation

doubtless suffered much from the very unpleasant and difficult position he had to maintain. His keen discrimination, however, led him to adopt fearlessly the only proper course in order to replace the management of the parish in the hands of consistent, honourable and responsible persons.

For nearly twenty years, Alderman Gibbs had been the churchwarden of the parish, and self-nominated chairman of a select vestry elected by his own influence, through which he usurped the control of the parish funds, and distributed them as he chose, in an arbitrary and irresponsible manner. Dr. Croly, who, on entering upon his duties as Rector, had found the alderman in office, naturally shrank from a direct collision with him, until at last the irregular proceedings of the church-warden and the select vestry became unendurable; and, in order to bring the parishioners together for the purpose of rectifying the mistakes of the alderman, he

issued a circular, stating that the church was not insured against fire, and asking the parishioners generally to meet him in the vestry to consider what steps ought to be taken in the matter. This, of course, led to a general enquiry into the parish property, and, ultimately, to those painful disclosures respecting the conduct of Alderman Gibbs, which, subsequently, induced him to attempt to tax the parish to the extent of 2s. 6d. in the pound, and to pass nineteen and a half years' parish accounts in the absence of the parishioners, with closed and locked doors, and under the protection of police officers. This discreditable transaction occurred on the 22nd December, 1843; and early in January, 1844, Dr. Croly was solicited, at a meeting of the parishioners, to give an account of the proceedings, at which he was present *ex officio*, and could not be excluded, which he did in the extraordinary speech from

which I shall now quote; and which, notwithstanding the alderman's defiant attitude at the time, necessarily extinguished him as a public man.

He commences thus:—"Mr. Chairman,—"As I have been called on to state the "circumstances which occurred on the 22nd "of last month, when the parishioners were "excluded from the vestry-room, I shall "state them as briefly as possible. You "know that from the commencement of "these transactions I have not suffered any "ill-temper to mingle with my remarks; that "I have spoken reluctantly, when I spoke "at all: and that, in every instance, I have "shewn an absence of all personal hostility "to any one. I certainly was not the "defender of your churchwarden, for I "could not see my way in that direction; "but I constantly gave him the opportunity "of defending himself, the only opportunity "which a man of spirit and honour can "ever desire. My single purpose was to "see justice done between man and man. "I was neither his assailant nor his advo-"cate. I was even most unwillingly com-"pelled to take upon me the office of

" umpire. But, now to the transaction of " the 22nd instant—an injury almost per- " sonal. I have no superstitious reverence " for the walls of a church; but I have the " due respect for the consecrated place of " our common worship; and I find it im- " possible to regard its blocking up with " policemen but as an act deserving of my " direct censure. I have heard of offences " offered to churches by the violence of " mobs, by the struggles of contending " parties, or by the influx of Chartists, but " I never recollect any deliberate act—and " that too of authority—which gave me so " much pain as the scene which presented " itself to me, both without and within your " church on that day. When I arrived at " the door, I found a considerable number " of the parishioners in the street, anxious " and angry no doubt, yet behaving with " perfect quietness, and two police officers " standing with their backs to the door. " As those persons were not more familiar " with my face than I was with theirs, I " should, possibly, not have obtained admit- " tance at all, but that the parish beadle " introduced me to their acquaintance; and " thus, with Mr. Butt, acting as master of " the ceremonies, I was let in. I found " within the porch a posse of policemen,

" who, having eyed me with a professional
" glance, suffered me to pass; and after this
" station-house scrutiny—this pick-pocket
" probation—I presumed I was at liberty
" to pass on. But here again I found a
" new obstacle, a new specimen of vigilance,
" in the shape of the alderman's son, Mr.
" Joseph Gibbs, who stood at the inner
" door at the head of the steps, performing
" the part of turnkey. I acknowledge, that
" I at first felt startled at the singular
" indelicacy of the father's placing the fool-
" ish son in this degrading position; but,
" as it seemed perfectly satisfactory to him-
" self, I saw no further necessity for any
" sorrows of mine. I understand that this
" young gentleman is intended for the law.
" Now, Aristotle recommends, that in all
" things we should begin at the beginning,
" and it must be owned that Mr. Joseph
" Gibbs could not commence his trade lower
" down. Whatever he may not be fit for,
" I can assure you he has the talents for a
" turnkey. Having unlocked the door,
" which I heard locked behind me again, as
" if, instead of entering a church, I was
" traversing a gaol, I supposed that all ob-
" stacles were over at last. Alas! gentle-
" men, how vain are the hopes of man!
" Our sextoness, with her back to the vestry

" door, planted on the defensive, stood before
" me, reversing her natural employment,
" and instead of opening doors, keeping
" them shut. My name was now whispered
" through the key-hole, another unlocking
" took place, and I was at length let in;
" the whole arrangement convincing me,
" that the alderman possessed unsuspected
" faculties for public service — the triple
" watch and ward, the successive lockings,
" the posted thieftakers, and the filial turn-
" key, satisfied me that, in addition to his
" many employments, he would make a
" capital governor of Newgate; with the
" wards as a provision for the minor branches
" of his family, and, perhaps, the Treasurer-
" ship of the Sheriff's Fund to complete
" the recreations of his cell."

Passing over a considerable portion of the speech, Dr. Croly proceeded:—

" As to the offence of locking the doors
" and using force to exclude the people,
" nothing could be plainer than that it was
" wholly unnecessary. A proposal had been
" made to the churchwarden, months ago,
" to choose any three individuals, to meet
" three others chosen by the parish, to

" examine his accounts, and give him his
" quittance. The proposal was perfectly
" amicable, for it was made by myself in
" vestry. And let me tell him, that it is
" the only way in which he can obtain an
" effectual clearance. He may have a formal
" release from the individuals about him,
" but he can have no real release; he takes
" every step in jeopardy, and must ultimately
" feel the consequences to be irreparable.
" One point with respect to myself. In that
" vestry, Alderman Gibbs read a document,
" giving me a significant hint that the pay-
" ment of my Lectureship altogether de-
" pended on the 'pleasure of the vestry.'
" Now, gentlemen, the alderman may be a
" man of few words, but the shakes of his
" head, at least in the select vestry, may,
" like Lord Burleigh's, have a great deal in
" them. Once, when the well-known Horne
" Tooke had lost some motion in the House
" of Commons, a friend came up to 'condole
" with him on his defeat.' 'What! condole
" with me,' exclaimed Tooke; 'my good
" friend, congratulate me on my escape, for
" if *that* minister there (pointing to the
" Treasury bench) had ordered me to be
" hanged in the lobby, *this* house would have
" carried the motion.' However, gentlemen,
" I think better of my parishioners, whether

" select or not, than to suppose that they " will thus stoop to indulge the paltriness of " any man. It is infinitely painful to me " to advert to pecuniary matters at all. But " this lectureship forms an important part " of my income. Any one may see, by the " last Parliamentary return, that the whole " revenue of the rector amounted to but " £332 a year. Within these two years it " has increased, by the change of some " leases, but still, from the expenses of col- " lection, the payment of the excellent " reader who assists me, our common burden " of the income tax, and other matters, it " is still but a pittance; and certainly not " equal to the salary of many a nobleman's " cook! Of this I do not complain. I " complain of nothing but of the prospect " of being compelled to spend my remaining " years in squabbles with your perpetual " churchwarden. Whether I have deserved " better, I must leave to the judgment of " of others. I found your church a stately " solitude. You best know the nature of " its existing congregation. As to my con- " duct to my parishioners, it is to be best " estimated by their conduct to me. No " testimony could be more flattering to my " best feelings, and none could I acknow- " ledge with more genuine gratitude.

" And now, gentlemen, I must beg per-
" mission to state one small circumstance,
" which finally stamps my judgment of Mr.
" Alderman Gibbs, but of which I have
" not spoken publicly before. In the course
" of these transactions, I was once asked
" whether I knew that there was an old
" legacy of a guinea a year to be paid to the
" rector of Walbrook for preaching a Good
" Friday sermon? I had never heard of it.
" However, meeting the alderman some time
" after, and almost ashamed to speak of such
" a trifle, I inquired whether the bequest
" really existed? 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'it
" does; but you and I settled that long ago
" over a chop.' I was not yet able to compre-
" hend the settlement. 'The fact is,' said
" this person, 'I have paid it for years to
" the charity' (mentioning one for providing
" coals and food for the poor). 'No, that
" must be an error, sir,' was my answer;
" 'For I have paid all my subscriptions up
" to last Christmas, and, I think, in general
" paid them into your own hand.' I went
" away. However, thinking that there was
" no reason why I should let the matter
" pass off in this simple style, I wrote to
" him some days after, remarking that 'it
" was wholly impossible that I should make
" over to him a fund, of which I had not

" known the existence.' The affair was now
" obviously come to a point. In a few days,
" I desired my collector to call upon him,
" and the alderman paid the eight guineas
" —a guinea for every year of my incum-
" bency. Now, gentlemen, this guinea a
" year was but a trifle, but trifles may be as
" expressive as larger things. For eight
" years not a syllable of this bequest had ever
" been mentioned to me. I ask no man to
" follow my conclusions. I give a fact, and
" that fact has fixed my opinion of the man.
" I ask no man to follow it. It is no matter
" to me if the livery of London will harness
" themselves to his chariot—if the corpora-
" tion hold out to him their embrace, shape
" themselves into a select vestry, and make
" him perpetual churchwarden—if the Board
" of Aldermen take him into their boat, and
" take their chance of the navigation—if
" the Mansion-house feel the weight of his
" footsteps, and place him in its tribunal, I
" care not. I have made up my mind.

" But when I am told, why trouble your-
" self about so unimportant a personage?
" The true answer is, that he is not an un-
" important personage. There is not in the
" city, perhaps not in the empire, any one
" man who exhibits such an appetite for
" office, such a passion for obscure power,

" so insatiable an avidity to serve his country
" in all kinds of ways. Really, gentlemen,
" I do not pretend to know half the offices
" which this universal functionary, this
" patriotic pluralist, this sinecure martyr,
" takes for the good of his country. It is
" like Homer's catalogue of ships, it puts
" one out of breath before it is half gone
" through. If it were a matter to laugh at,
" I should almost be tempted to protest, in
" the name of our civic aspirants, at the
" relentless monopoly, the numberless ave-
" nues at which he presents himself to all
" the climbers after civic glory. Wherever
" they turn, there they meet the Alderman.
" If their ambition lies in the line of pau-
" perism, there he stands, chairman of the
" London Union; if in the landed and
" assessed taxes, there he faces them again
" as commissioner; if they wish to serve
" their country in raising that pleasant
" revenue, the income tax, there they meet
" him again as commissioner. If they
" would extend their ambition to public
" charities, there they meet him face to face
" as treasurer of the National School of
" London. As to St. Stephen's and St.
" Benet's, all competition faints on the
" threshold. He is with us everything—
" treasurer of our charity school, alderman

" of our ward, and perpetual churchwarden " of our parish; our prime minister, our " chancellor of the exchequer, and our secre- " tary for the home department; our Pope " with the triple crown. If the candidate " should extend his ambition out of town, " he meets the Alderman at the old water- " ing-place of our city, in the Margate " Infirmary; nay, if he seeks for glory " under ground, there he meets the ubiqui- " tous alderman, and is confronted by him " as commissioner of sewers. Even now I " believe my list to be incomplete, and am " afraid I have defrauded him of a portion " of his honours."

Immediately after the meeting, at which Dr. Croly delivered this remarkable speech, the greatest possible agitation prevailed throughout the parish, and every effort was made to ascertain the exact state of the parish property, which was known to have been considerable, and equal to every claim, besides supporting one of the best Ward Schools in the City of London, which has now ceased to exist.

Difficulty after difficulty, however, presented itself, but each was patiently and successfully mastered by the Doctor, and by the extraordinary perseverance of Mr. William Fred. Rock, who devoted the greater part of his time to the cause, and is believed to have lost much money in his endeavours to benefit his fellow-parishioners. After several years' litigation, however, an open vestry was substituted for the select, and the remains of the parish funds were placed in the hands of eight trustees, by whom they have since been administered with perfect satisfaction.

In speaking of the trustees, it is but due to one of their number, Mr. J. S. Dane, to mention the disinterested zeal and ability with which he entered upon the perplexing task of adjusting the parish accounts, which, as may well be conceived from the previous state of things, were more than ordinarily complicated. To that gentleman

the parish is deeply indebted for his accurate attention to those accounts ever since he first entered upon his office as trustee, nor have his colleagues been unmindful of the essential service thus rendered to them. Very recently, a sum of one hundred guineas was unanimously voted to Mr. Dane, in recognition of his unwearied assistance; but, to the surprise of all, he modestly but firmly refused to accept it. Whatever may have been the reputation of the parishioners of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in bye-gone days, it is quite certain that many are now numbered amongst them who, for high character and principle, are justly esteemed.

My correspondence with the late Dr. Croly originated in sending for his perusal a copy of a lecture delivered by me in the early part of the year 1853, at the Islington Literary Institution, on the Manufacture of Paper. The lecture exciting some attention, I was induced to consent to its

publication, and being at that time a parishioner of Walbrook, I was glad of an opportunity to submit my *brochure* to a clergyman of such acknowledged literary repute, who was also the rector of the parish in which I resided; and I shortly received the following reply, which shews the kind and frank manner in which my late friend would make suggestions that he thought likely to be useful.

"*Hackney, March* 29, 1853.

"My Dear Sir,—I have been prevented "by other less interesting matters from "thanking you for your Lecture on Paper. "You are so well acquainted with the sub- "ject, and the subject is so highly impor- "tant, that you are entitled to the thanks "of every one who feels an anxiety to pro- "mote the highest objects of civilisation; for "what means can be compared with litera- "ture. I think the work so well done, "and so appropriate to our stirring age, "that it ought to be *enlarged*, to have the

" advantage of your personal observation of " the manufacture of paper in every part of " this country and of *Europe*, and to be " published in some prominent and striking " form. You might first consult some lead- " ing publisher, as to the feasibility of the " undertaking, and get his advice or his " encouragement. But I should, as the next " step, arrange to spend a couple of months " in inspecting the principal manufactories " of the Continent (France and Germany, " chiefly Belgium), and making a regular " statement of what you see in the art of " paper-making, adding to it such anecdotes " of its history, and, also, of the events " and sights of your journey, as would give " your volume the liveliness of a tour, as " well as the information of a practical " treatise.

" I have no doubt, that the intrinsic value " of such a work would carry it through " public circulation, that it would be intro- " duced to the public in the principal reviews " (for such are the works which they are " most inclined to adopt), and that your " brethren in the commerce of paper would " feel peculiarly indebted to your exer- " tions.

" But a mere compilation from documents " to be obtained at home would not be

" enough, it would want freshness, force and " novelty. It must be in this shape, and " with the spirit of a tour.

" I have just come in from a walk in this " remorseless east wind, and my hands are " so frozen that I can scarcely hold the pen.

" Believe me, yours faithfully,

" G. CROLY.

" R. HERRING, ESQ.,
Walbrook."

Soon after receiving the above letter, I called on Dr. Croly, to offer my thanks in person for his valuable suggestions, and on that occasion he said that he felt so much interest in the subject of paper-making, that I proposed his accompanying me to Maidstone to see the well-known "Turkey Mill"—the first mill erected in this country for the manufacture of superfine writing-paper by the late Mr. Whatman.

The Doctor readily assented to this proposal, and at once named a day, on which we accordingly went down to Maidstone,

where we were kindly received by Messrs. Hollingworth, the present proprietors of "Turkey Mill." Those gentlemen, as well as myself, were pleased with the deep interest the Doctor appeared to take in every part of the process of manufacture. There are, indeed, few productions of greater importance, and none in which greater ingenuity has been displayed. It is very striking to see rags, dirty and disgusting, speedily transformed into so beautiful a fabric as fine writing and drawing paper, such as that which bears the water-mark of Whatman. To the Doctor, the inspection of this mill afforded much gratification, and became a fruitful subject of thought. He never forgot the visit—nor did he cease to urge upon my attention the suggestions he had made for a tour on the Continent, for the purpose of preparing a more extended work on the subject of paper-making.

Circumstances, however, rendered this

mode of acquiring information unnecessary; and I, therefore, obtained additional knowledge upon the subject to that which I already possessed in another way. In due time, I gathered together so much fresh material as enabled me to add largely to the substance of my first lecture. I then gave a course of Lectures on the Manufacture of Paper at the London Institution in Finsbury Circus, and was equally surprised and gratified, to notice that the Doctor attended on each occasion, though he then resided at Hackney, and had completed his seventy-fifth year. Truly, indeed, has it been said of him that, "if he scrupled not to express his disgust and contempt, in no measured terms, he was also a generous praiser and a steadfast friend."

At the conclusion of the course of Lectures, Dr. Croly suggested that they should be published, and requested me to consult Messrs. Longman and Co. upon the matter.

At the same time, he offered to write some preliminary remarks, to which kind proposal I thankfully assented.

In these remarks, Dr. Croly took occasion to make some very pertinent observations on the newspapers of the present time, which I cannot refrain from quoting.

"The newspaper, the most influential of "of all human works, is the *creation* of "printing. It is to the honour of England, "that, in this country, it approaches nearest "to excellence in intellectual vigour, in "variety of knowledge, in extent of inform-"ation, and in patriotic principle. It has, "like all the works of man, occasional "imperfections, and perhaps among the "most prominent are its too minute details "of offences against public purity. But, "there is scarcely a newspaper in this age, "which would not have been regarded as a "triumph of ability in the last. In fact, "the newspaper of England is the great "practical teacher of the people. Its con-"stant and universal teaching alone accounts "for the superior intelligence of the popula-"tion. Schools, lecture-rooms, and univer-

" sities, important as they all are, altogether " fall behind it in public effect, or find, that " to retain their influence, they must follow " its steps. Those steps may now and then " turn from the right road, but their native " tendency is, forwards and upwards. This " intellectual giant always advances, and " carries the country with him, to a height " which no other country, ancient or modern, " ever attained, or perhaps ever hoped to " attain.

" I speak of this form of publication, in " no literary favoritism; but, as a great in- " strument, offered to nations for the safety, " the speed, and the security of national " progress; an intellectual railroad, given to " our era, to meet the increased exigencies " of intellectual intercourse; and equal to " any weight and any rapidity.

" The most hopeless feature of foreign " governments appears to me, their hostility " to the *press*. Thus, they prohibit the " mental air and exercise, which would rec- " tify the 'peccant humours' of their people; " thus, they aggravate popular stagnation " into political disease; thus, casual passion " is darkened into conspiracy, and passing " disgust is compressed into rebellion.

" England has her ill-humours, but the " press ventilates them away; the vapours

" are not suffered to lie on the ground until " they condense into malaria. There may " be folly, and even faction, among us, and " the press may be the trumpet of both; " but the width of the area is the remedy. " A *whole* nation is always right. No sound " can stir it but the sound which is in " accord with its own feelings; the trumpet " which is overwhelming within four walls, " is unheard at the horizon!.

" If, in an age of foreign convulsion, " England has undergone no catastrophe; " if, in the fall of monarchies, she has pre- " served her hereditary throne; if, in the " mingled infidelity and superstition of the " Continent, which, like the mingled frenzy " and fetters of a lunatic hospital, have, in " our day, exhibited the lowest humiliation " of human nature; she has preserved her " freedom and her religion; I attribute all, " under God, to the vigour and intelligence " of public investigation; the incessant ur- " gency of appeal to the public mind; the " living organization of which the heart is " the PRESS of England!

From the period of our visit to the "Turkey Mill," the Doctor's active interest in Paper-making never abated; indeed, his

persistent attention to any subject that had once attracted his notice was a very distinguishing trait of his character. Only a few months before his decease, the strenuous opposition offered by many paper-makers to the repeal of the Paper Duty proposed by the Commercial Treaty with France, principally grounded on the shortness of the supply of rags, and the virtual prohibition of their import into this country from the Continent, induced me to submit a plan for the more efficient collection of rags. This plan was immediately taken up by Dr. Croly, who considered it well worthy of the co-operation of the clergy, the managers of parochial and other public establishments, as a very feasible mode for increasing their means for charitable distribution in a pecuniary way. By his advice, I sent the plan in a printed form to many persons connected with such institutions, as likely to benefit both themselves and the consumers of paper, by adopt-

ing the method suggested in my proposal; and with a view to elicit a variety of opinions upon the subject. The Doctor enquired frequently as to the progress of the scheme; and, indeed, the very last letter I received from him made allusion to it particularly, among many other observations of an amusing character on a variety of subjects. This letter I have unfortunately either destroyed or mislaid.

In my last interview with the Doctor, at his residence in Queen Square, not many weeks previous to his death, he again referred to the plan proposed in my pamphlet, and said that he had foolishly burned a great quantity of manuscript, which he was surprised to find might have been available as material for paper-making. I told him that I greatly regretted this, as I had little doubt that his manuscripts would have been esteemed by his friends, and certainly by myself, as much too valuable to be consigned

as raw material to a paper-mill. He said he himself had not formed so favourable an opinion of his perished MSS., but, that what he had not destroyed, and had only condemned, should be placed at my disposal. On this, I inquired if he had been accustomed regularly to burn his papers. He replied, that he had been in the habit of never preserving anything of the kind, not even letters that had been addressed to him. "Is it possible?" said I; why you must have had a correspondence with many eminent men in your time, Doctor; and when it shall please Providence to remove you from amongst us, it will be thought a great loss if no materials are left for a proper biographical notice of your life and labours, which have not been without valuable results."

"It is kind of you to think so; but the world cares nothing for *me*."

"Indeed, Doctor," I remarked, "you wrong yourself in supposing so."

The Doctor was not displeased at this expression of my sentiments, and he chatted pleasantly for half an hour, seated by the fire and nursing a kitten in his lap. I could not help looking with much reverence at those white locks and that venerable form exhibiting such innocent freshness and simplicity of heart; and I came away, thinking more than I ever did before of the grace of unaffected humility. In one of his sermons on that subject he said—

"If Christianity had done nothing more "than bring this gentlest of the virtues "down to man, it would have rendered an "incalculable service to society. Humility "is the great peacemaker of the world. It "is this virtue which reconciles man to his "condition, and makes him feel the wisdom "of contentment; which, without extin-"guishing a single faculty formed for dis-"tinction, relieves him from the vexations "of fancied wrong; and without hurting "his feelings, reduces the fever of helpless "vanity. Humility does more, it actually

" invigorates his powers, by directing them
" to the objects for which alone they were
" given, and the successes which alone they
" are entitled to achieve; it replaces pining
" for what we can never possess, by thank-
" fulness for what we are permitted to enjoy;
" and transmutes irritation against the order
" of society into submission to the will of
" Heaven.

" It is this virtue which saves man from
" perpetual fretfulness, in a world diversified
" with every dazzling degree of opulence,
" distinction, and name. It is this, which
" sends the peasant cheerfully to his labour
" in the morning, and teaches him at night
" the prayer of a grateful heart for the day.
" It is this, which reconciles the salient and
" self-sacrificing spirit of the patriot to the
" failure of his hopes and the forgetfulness
" of his fellow-men. It is this, which satis-
" fies the man of genius with the narrow
" circle of his study; perhaps the hardest
" test of all; and teaches him, instead of
" embittering his life with intrigues for
" power, or inflaming the popular mind with
" excitements to change, to disdain an ille-
" gitimate fame, and rest contented in the
" consciousness, that even in his retirement,
" he has contributed to the illumination of
" the world."

Entertaining such thoughts as these, we may realise, in some measure, the emotions which led him to write the beautiful hymn on Self-Examination, and that On Man, to be found in the selection used by his congregation in St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

HYMN 44.

Thou Lord of mercy and of might,
My humbled heart behold,
And give thy Spirit's living light
To search its inmost fold.

Against this heart's presumptuous sins
I fly to faith and prayer;
But where the Tempter's art *begins*,
Oh! save me, save me, there.

Teach me to shun the *first* dark thought,
The wandering of the will;
Oh! keep the soul thy blood has bought,
And let me serve thee still.

When dreams of folly cloud my mind,
And prompt to sins unknown,
The dream dissolve, the chain unbind,
And make me all thine own.

PSALM 19.

Lord, when I see thy glorious world,
  Thy sun in splendour rise ;
Thy lightnings blaze, thy thunders hurled,
  Thy starry-studded skies.

The ocean in its majesty,
  The everlasting hills,
The rainbow arching earth and sky ;
  My heart with rapture thrills.

But then, my rapture dies again,
  I ponder, "What is man ?
A thing of poverty and pain ;
  A blot on Nature's plan."

Yet, says thy Word, man yet shall shine,
  Beyond the grave's control ;
When all those glorious works of thine
  Are but a burning scroll.

The sudden and unexpected death of Dr. Croly was, I can believe, such a one as he might have desired. He never talked much of death, and even while at breakfast, on the last morning of his life, mention being made of the sudden decease of an

old friend of his, he turned the conversation to other subjects. He himself was fully prepared, and entered his rest, full of years, and sorrowed for by many, who had learned from him the duties and privileges of Christian hope.

In an unpublished sermon delivered in St. Stephen's, on the 27th May, 1855, he thus referred to the decease of one of his parishioners, and the words then used were peculiarly applicable to his own case.

"In our Liturgy, we pray against sudden "death; and there can be no doubt, that to "the general habits of the world, to those "who make the world their idol, to those "who surrender the preparation for the "mighty future, to the indulgence of the "trivial and temporary present, sudden "death must be an awful, a trying, a terri-"ble judgment. But, to the man whose "daily life has been a daily preparation, we "can well believe, that the suddenness of "the summons is only a proof of the divine "mercy.

"Is it not escape from the struggles of "nature, from the dreariness of decay, from "the pinings of hope deferred, and from the "pangs of disease, when—

'The spirit knows no dull delay,
But wings to joy its angel way.'

"'Blessed are the dead who die in the "Lord.'

"The loss is ours; the happiness is theirs; "the call is from their Father and their "God. As in the vision of the last Apostle, "the Lord saith, 'Surely, I come quickly.' "The Christian saith, like the Apostle, "'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' Amen."

Dr. Croly was remarkably healthy; and I never knew him to be so unwell as to be confined to his house. In the early part of the year 1851, however, after the loss of his wife, to whom he was much attached, his health became seriously affected; but after a removal into the country for a change of scene, and the enjoyment of perfect quiet, in three months he returned to the

duties of his position perfectly restored. Latterly, however, his couch bore frequent testimony to his having indulged in reclining at periods; when in his usual health, he had never accustomed himself so to do.

He treated his domestics more as his children than as servants, and took much interest in their comfort and welfare. To them the loss of so good and kind a master was, indeed, a very serious and irreparable loss. Much attached to him, they desired greatly to promote his personal comfort; but whenever they prepared any little delicacy, that seemed as if they thought him unwell, he could not be prevailed upon to touch it.

His reserve on the subject of his health was a remarkable characteristic. Whenever, in writing to me, he had occasion to refer to it, he always did so in a tone of badinage. One of his letters contains this expression, — "I have been somewhat ill

" for the last week, and unwilling to stir; " but I think I am recovering, and " threaten you and the parish with another " year or two." Another letter concludes thus: "I think that I am getting better. " I walk a little, take much physic, growl " a great deal, and wonder why people " should run, jump, laugh, or dine; " but I suppose there is some secret " reason for all those duties. I am " ordered to live low; and they stuff me so " much, that I am forced to relax one " button of my waistcoat per day. This " shows, at all events, that I *am coming* " *round.*"

Whatever Dr. Croly wrote on any subject was always worth preserving, for its racy and unaffected originality. Even if he called at my counting-house, and found me absent, he would generally leave some amusing note.

On one occasion, shortly before I was

married, he called and wrote upon a piece of paper, which he left open on my desk—

"Mr. Herring's *always* out,
"I long to know what he's about,
"I only wish he had the *gout*,
"Or was married and grown stout;
"For then he would no longer roam,
"But see his friends and stay at *home*.
"G. C."

About the same time, he made a trip to the Isle of Wight for a change of air, and, during his stay, he sent me the following letter:—

"My Dear Mr. Herring,—I should have "written before to tell you what we were "doing, but, that the weather was so stormy, "that it scattered all my ideas, hid the "heavens from me under the inside of an "umbrella, and put me into bad spirits, by "seeing the melancholy faces of all the peo- "ple round me. What can any one write "about on a rainy day, in a country town, "among strangers, and with the weekly "bills the only novelty of the place. More- "over, the weather has just begun to clear

" up, when I am just going to London,
" which adds to the melancholy with which
" I view everything here. However, Ryde
" is a very pretty, cleanly, quiet, rambling
" and picturesque place. The pier is the
" promenade, where everybody walks at the
" rate of 2d. a piece, and where you tread
" the 'boards' without being an actor, and
" go to sea without being a sailor, and make
" a voyage ten times a day, if you please,
" without being sea-sick. The country is
" very pretty, and the shore looks upon a
" range of sea extending to New York on
" one side and the Rock of Gibraltar on the
" other, quite extensive enough for the *naked*
" eye. I feel the benefit of all this change;
" rain, storm, shaking pier, and raging
" billows. I understand that I look more
" *blooming*, though, on that, I have my
" doubts. I return to town on Monday at
" farthest, and shall be glad to see you again.

" Yours truly,
G. CROLY.

About this time, also, he called at my place of business, and, finding me absent, left a note, stating that he intended to congratulate me personally, and to wish me all the

comforts I could anticipate, for he felt that, to write a letter on the subject of matrimony to a man on its eve, would be but to refrigerate my imagination, and make my feelings hostile to him for life.

On the birth of my eldest son, which happened only a very short time after he had dined with us, my wife was delighted at receiving a pleasant little note from the Doctor. He greatly enjoyed the society of ladies, and often, in his sermons, made very pertinent allusions to the fair sex. On one occasion, after hearing an extempore discourse, in which he had expressed his notions of women in a very striking and beautiful manner, I told him, in the vestry, that it was to be regretted that his sermon had not been written; for I should have much liked to copy his observations on Woman as compared with Man. He kindly promised to put down for me his ideas on the subject, and sent me the following:—

" Woman is the counterpart of man, but " cast in a gentler mould. She has the " form, the faculties and the feelings of " man; but all touched with a softer hue; " for his courage, she has fortitude; for his " energy, she has patience; for his benevo- " lence, she has sympathy; for his firmness, " she has fidelity; for his indignation, she " has tears. The qualities of her intellect " are equally softened; for the fire of talent " she has taste, tenderness and simplicity. " Dignity and vigour are the qualities of " man's form, woman's has grace, delicacy " and elegance. If the beauty of man's " countenance is in the expression of intel- " lect, the beauty of woman's is in its sen- " sibility, in its appeal to the heart; in a " power of captivation, which has been felt " in every age. The loveliness of women, " in its more perfect examples, equals the " highest imagination of man. When the " painter fills his mind with the highest

"elements of imaginary loveliness, he can
"never go beyond nature, when he would
"picture angels, he can give us only the
"features of woman!"

I often had the pleasure of spending an hour with the Doctor; and greatly indeed have I been benefited by his wise and instructive conversation. During a visit he paid to Brighton, he invited me to go down there and see him; but the time mentioned by him not being convenient to me, I went down one Saturday afternoon, and put up at one of the hotels. The next morning I attended the service at St. Peter's Church, and, to my agreeable surprise, heard a most excellent extemporary discourse from the Doctor. This led me to mention the circumstance on the back of my card, on leaving it at his lodgings on the Grand Parade, and to say that I was staying at a certain hotel, and would do myself the pleasure of calling on

him the next morning, for I had other friends staying in Brighton; and I thought that the Doctor would prefer spending the Sunday quietly in the society of his family. I was informed afterwards, that I had not long left, before the Doctor called at my hotel, and noticed a lively damsel, the daughter of the hostess. Of her he inquired whether a gentleman of the name of Herring was staying there.

"I really don't know, sir," replied the young lady, "is it No. 21?"

"Twenty-one," said the Doctor, "I should think he would be rather more than twenty-one."

"*Number* Twenty-one, I said," replied the young lady; and the Doctor, prepossessed with her pleasing manners, again pretended ignorance of her meaning.

"Number Twenty-one?" said he, "I really never remember hearing him speak of any number. However, what sort of a young

man is this Number Twenty-one? Is he rather tall?"

"No, Sir."

"Is he somewhat fair?"

"No, Sir."

"Is he very short?"

"No, Sir."

"Is he a stout person?"

"No, Sir."

"Is he about what you would consider the middle height, and with light hair?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, will you favour me with your own description of him?"

The young lady then gave a description which satisfied the Doctor that Number Twenty-one did really represent myself.

The Doctor then asked to leave a note for me; and on my return I found a kind invitation to dine with him at five o'clock the same evening, or to take breakfast with him at nine the following morning. I re-

turned to the hotel too late for dinner, and, therefore, went the next morning to breakfast, and a most delightful time I spent. The Doctor was in a happy mood, and talked away most pleasantly, and told us a succession of amusing anecdotes, chiefly relating to eminent men who had been noted for the breakfasts they gave. Amongst others, he mentioned Wilberforce, and remarked upon the extraordinary varieties of opinion held by the different persons who assembled around his table. He observed that there was one peculiarity in regard to Wilberforce, which he should be very loth to imitate, and that was, that he required every one who breakfasted with him, no matter who, to stay and hear what he himself had to say afterwards.

"Now," said the Doctor, "you may stay, if you please, Mr. Herring, or you may go into the next room; or you may visit your friends, and return in an hour. I am going to have family prayer."

"Oh," said I, "there is no need for my leaving this room, for I have been brought up in the practice of domestic worship."

"I am, indeed, glad to know it," he replied; "for, to say the least, it is a decent practice."

The Doctor then took a Prayer Book, and knelt down, making a most judicious selection.

Shortly after, I was asked, in the course of conversation, "Well, Mr. Herring what shall we do now? We have had prayer. Suppose we go and look at the Devil's Dyke?"

I said I should be delighted; for although I had often heard of the 'Devil's Dyke,' I had never seen it.

"Then we will go," said he; and, putting on his cloak and hat, was ready to start at once; and we set out to find a fly.

Long before we reached the Dyke, however, my venerable friend was much chilled;

for our carriage was an open one, and there was a sharp cutting wind. When we arrived at our destination, the Doctor, much needing some refreshment, proposed our entering the little inn at the Dyke, and I was soon seated by his side in a scantily furnished room with a sanded floor. The rich imagination of my friend, however, threw a charm over every thing. Not a trumpery picture or article of any kind in the room escaped his notice; and he found much to say on each object, so as to enliven and amuse every person who happened to be present. At length, a little girl came trippingly into the room, and to her he addressed himself in such a way, that she called an elder sister of hers, of perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age, who stood listening at the door for a moment; and then she ran and told her mother, who kindly invited us into a private room, where we very pleasantly refreshed ourselves, before a good fire, with some nice biscuits and a hot glass of grog.

Dr. Croly was truly a genial man, and this characteristic is very observable in all his published writings; and his private correspondence would most abundantly show this amiable trait.

The late Mr. Jerdan, in his autobiography, thus speaks of the Doctor:—

"I have already mentioned Dr. Croly, a "writer whose ardour and eloquence in the "pulpit are of that powerful order which is "the most convincing in regard to the great "truths of religion, and the most persuasive "to lead mankind into her holy paths; "to allure to brighter worlds, and lead the "way; but whose pen, ever engaged, and "over so long a space, in the same cause, "and in the cause of morality and social "improvement, has had a far greater in-"fluence on the age, spread as its unwearied "and impressive efforts have been over the "universal field of literature.

"As a churchman, no doubt, Dr. Croly "would prefer to rest his reputation on his "important theological works, and now, per-"haps, when the fire is tempered by the lapse "of years, would set less store on his poetic "fame; but I, speaking on the part of the

" periodical press, am free to state my opi-
" nion, that his addresses to the public intel-
" ligence, through that never silent and ever-
" acting organ, have contributed as largely
" to the general weal, and would (if its extent
" could be known) be as lasting a monument
" to his memory as the most valued of his
" sacred works, and admired of his poetical
" productions. Extensive as are his publi-
" cations on Divinity, History, Poetry, Ro-
" mance, and the Drama, etc., they would
" bear no proportion to the vast extent of his
" anonymous critical, political, moral, useful,
" and miscellaneous writings."

Another popular author (Mr. Gilfillan) thus beautifully expresses his opinion of Dr. Croly,—

" Not only is the literary divine not a dis-
" grace to his profession: he is a positive
" honour. His pulpit becomes an eminence,
" commanding a view of both worlds. He is
" a witness at the nuptials of truth and
" beauty; and the general cause of Christia-
" nity is subserved by him in more ways
" than one; for, first, the names of great men
" devoted at once to letters and religion,

" neutralise, and more than neutralise, those " which are often produced and paraded on " the other side; again, they show that the " theory of science sanctified, and literature " laid down before the Lord, has been proved " and incarnated in living examples, and does " not, therefore, remain in the baseless regions " of mere hypothesis; and, thirdly, they " evince that even if religion be an imposture " and a delusion, it is one so plausible and " powerful as to have subjugated very strong " intellects, and that it will not, therefore, " do for every sciolist in the school of in- " fidelity to pretend contempt for those who " confess that it has commanded and con- " vinced them.

. . . . . .

" Such an one is Dr. George Croly.

" He might have risen to distinction in any " path he chose to pursue; he has attained " wide eminence as a literary man; he has " never lost sight of the higher aims of his " own profession; and he is now in the ripe " autumn of his powers, with redoubled " energy and hope, about to dive down in " search of *new* pearls in that old deep which " communicates with the omniscience of " God.

. . . . . .

" Religion has in its abyss treasures yet

" unsounded and unsunned, though strong
" must be the hand, and true the eye, and
" retentive the breath, and daring yet reve-
" rent the spirit of their successful explorer
" — and such we believe to be qualities pos-
" sessed by Dr. Croly.

. . . . . .

" Would to God, such sermons as those
" delivered by Dr. Croly were being preached
" in every church and chapel throughout
" Britain! They might recall the many
" wanderers, who, with weary heart and foot,
" are seeking rest elsewhere in vain; and
" might counteract that current which is
" drawing away from the sanctuaries so much
" of the talent, the virtue, and the honesty
" of the land. Clearer, more nervous, and,
" in the true sense of the term, simpler
" discourses have not been delivered for many
" years.

And yet, will it be believed that some of those concerned in the management of the Foundling Hospital, at the time Dr. Croly was the afternoon-preacher, had the hardihood to suggest a greater simplicity, because

they thought his sermons were above the comprehension of his hearers. This was, in his mind, a dismissal from his office; and he, without more ado, gave up his engagement; but, in self-justification, he published his Sermons, adding a preface, stating that "they are now before a tribunal to whose competence no one can object."

Every word of rebuke in that preface was really deserved.

Dr. Croly thus speaks of his appointment to the preachership of the Foundling Hospital:—

"One of my prominent objects, I may "sincerely say, was to have the opportunity "of more extended duty, of exercising a "more effective Christian influence, and of "preaching the Gospel to a new and remark-"ably intellectual congregation. But I "knew little of *cliques* and committees.

"The chief charitable institutions have at "the head of their lists a number of names "of rank, or official distinction. Those per-

" sons, however, seldom take the slightest " part in the conduct of the Institution. " The acting Committee is, as seldom, worth " an observation. It generally consists of " elderly men, who, having nothing on earth " to do, purchase Governorships, to give " themselves something to do; that some- " thing being comprised in walking down " once a week to the Committee, to set their " watches by the clock, receive the bows of " the door-keepers, hear the gossip of the " day; and having thus relieved their sense " of duty, go home, calling themselves public " characters, and imagining that they have " found an apology for their existence.

" But the real management, the secret " influence,—all, in short, that belongs to " authority, is in the hands of the Treasurer. " In the commencement of those institutions " the Treasurer is generally a *gentleman*, a " person chosen for public character, and " especially for his disengagement from all " connection with trade. But, after a suc- " cession or two, the office quietly slides down " into the hands of some man of traffic; sly, " shy and suspicious, who knows the value " of his position to the uttermost farthing, " plays the little autocrat, and is as jealous " of his petty power as if he sat on the " throne of all the Russias.

"I was elected to the Preachership," says Dr. Croly, "perhaps, not with the direct "opposition, but evidently without the sanc- "tion, of the Treasurer of the Foundling "Hospital; for he would not make his "appearance on the day of election. His "presence or absence was not of the slight- "est consideration to me; yet, if I had then "known of Committees as much as I know "now, I should have resigned the appoint- "ment within the next four-and-twenty "hours.

"From that moment, whatever were the "motive, every sermon which I preached, "nay, every syllable of every sermon, be- "came the subject of crude and empty "cavil. It would be burlesque to call it "criticism. No man living can be more "submissive to intelligent criticism than "myself; but opinions on literature, or "theology, from the unfurnished coterie "before me, *must* be ridiculous.

"Let it not be supposed that I felt per- "sonally on this occasion. I felt offended "for my sacred profession. I felt offended "that any clergyman should be subjected to "the anile caprices of any set of men. "And, feeling that I could have no ideas "in common with the coterie, I abandoned "them accordingly.

" I make no complaint of those people as " malignant, or even as hostile. I complain " of them, simply, as being absurd and pre- " sumptuous; as talking nonsense on sub- " jects on which they ought not to have " talked at all, and as not knowing how to " treat a gentleman, when they happened to " come in contact with one. But I cannot " stoop to any further notice of those " people.

" Still, all that I heard, summed itself " into the vague and childish objection, that " my sermons were above the comprehen- " sion of the foundlings and servants of the " hospital. I disdained such a tribunal, " and, in a feeling of contempt, I lost no " time in flinging the appointment in the " teeth of the Committee in the following " letter:—

" 'SIRS,—As I have heard that you speak " 'of my sermons as abstruse; and as I " 'regard such observations as uncalled for " 'and offensive, I instantly resign the ap- " 'pointment of afternoon preacher.

" 'Christianity is a manly religion, ad- " 'dressed to manly understandings, and " 'which ought to be preached in manly " 'language. Your children and servants " 'should be left to the officers of your

" 'institution and to Mrs. Trimmer's Cate-
" 'chisms.

" 'I hereby give notice that I shall preach
" 'no more in your chapel.'

" They answered by returning their
" 'unanimous thanks' for my services, and
" thus the matter ended.

" On the subject of abstruseness, I shall
" merely say that, fully admitting the im-
" portance of religious knowledge to chil-
" dren and servants, as well as to all others;
" it never had been my intention to limit
" my discourses to the children and servants
" of the Foundling Hospital. They had a
" chaplain, a learned and estimable man.
" But the immediate vicinity contains, per-
" haps, the most intelligent population in
" England. I doubt whether any circle of
" a mile in Europe contains a larger share
" of practised and vigorous intellect than
" the mile round the Foundling Hospital.
" It contains the *elite* of the British Bar,
" besides many other leading persons of the
" learned professions.

" I have mingled enough among this
" highly interesting class to know that,
" though the coarse charge of infidelity
" cannot be maintained against them, they
" require a fuller and clearer evidence of

" the Gospel than other men. But let me
" do them justice; their respectful indif-
" ference, their well-bred fastidiousness, and
" even their decorous disdain, are not for
" the Christianity, of which they hear so
" little, but for the verbiage, of which they
" hear so much. Their alienation is *not*
" from religion, but from the senseless argu-
" ment and the shallow appeal, from the
" tiresome reiteration of obsolete trivialities
" and dreary truisms, from pathos without
" feeling, and all that dull pantomime of
" oratory, in which a white handkerchief is
" a figure of speech. It is the pulpit sen-
" timentalism of the day which drives those
" men from church; or which, when
" they come, forces them to exclaim to
" themselves, 'Is this all that can be said
" for Christianity?'

" It was my anxious wish to have given
" successions of Discourses on the solid
" grounds of Christianity; to have supplied
" those evidences of Scriptural truth, which
" to candour of enquiry are irresistible; to
" have appealed to logicians by reason, and
" to men of learning by references to sub-
" stantial knowledge. And, without any
" affectation of eloquence, or pretence to
" the exclusive secret of conversion, to have
" urged them to that process of heart and

" understanding, which had fixed the faith of " the wisest of mankind in the holiness and " the consolations of Christianity.

" In speaking as I have done of the Com- " mittee, I must make exceptions; it pos- " sessed some individuals altogether superior " to their companionship. The congrega- " tion, too, were respectful and attentive; " and, as I was told, were gradually becoming " of a more influential order."

Dr. Croly's parishioners and congregation were of a very different opinion to the Foundling Hospital Committee, in their appreciation of his sermons and his services.

On the 25th of May, 1854, a meeting of his parishioners, and those who attended his church, was held in the Vestry Room of St. Stephen's, for considering how best to testify their veneration and esteem for Dr. Croly, and show their appreciation of his teaching and practice.

A subscription was commenced, in consequence, headed by some of the most eminent

men of the day; and it was resolved to present Dr. Croly with a bust of himself, executed in marble, and also his portrait in lithography.

In my capacity as honorary secretary, the following characteristic letters were received:—

"*Hackney, June 2nd*, 1854.

"My dear Sir,—I have just received "your letter in reference to the bust, and "thanking you for its polite expressions, beg "of you to communicate to the Committee "my sense of *the honour* which they have "done me. Public opinion may sometimes "be purchased or purloined, or blinded or "bribed; but the opinion of one's parish, "composed of one's associates for years, in- "telligent and estimable, capable of judging, "and incapable of judging but with sincerity, "is among the best tests of character, and "the most gratifying evidences of good-will. "I have never sought the distinctions of the "Church. I have never bewildered either "my head or my heart in pursuit of its emo- "luments or honours; but the time has "never been, (nor can be,) when I could feel

" insensible to the kindness of friends in-
" clined to commemorate, in the manner
" most gratifying to my feelings, the slight,
" but willing, services which I have rendered
" in the station in which the great Disposer
" of all things has placed me.

" I shall, of course, sit again to Behnes,
" and follow your directions, and those of
" the Committee, in all matters necessary to
" the perfection of the performance.

" Believe me,

" My dear Sir,

" Faithfully yours,

" G. CROLY."

" R. Herring, Esq."

Hackney, July 31st, 1855.

" My dear Sir,—I have just received
" your very obliging letter. The portrait
" arrived yesterday; it is admirably framed,
" and does honour to your taste. My boys
" are delighted with it, and our only difficulty
" is, to find a place for it on these crowded
" walls, consistent with my modesty, and
" their admiration.

" Your sentiments and those of the gentle-
" men who have given me the Bust and the
" portrait, have truly done me justice in be-
" lieving, that my heart is in my sacred pro-
" fession, that to be on a footing of mutual

" kindness with my parishioners and congre-
" gation, has been always my first desire; and
" that to preach the Gospel, in its strength,
" fulness, and simplicity, has been felt by me
" to be my first duty. That I have done
" those things, according to my means, their
" spontaneous zeal, constant kindness, and
" honourable liberality in giving me those
" testimonials, is very gratifying evidence.

" For your *own share* in the trouble at-
" tendant on the bust and portrait, I am
" sincerely indebted.

" The chances of the world have not put
" great things in my power; but intention is
" the true test of sincerity, and my friends
" could not have put the stamp of their opi-
" nion on my *intention* in a more conspicuous,
" a more permanent, or a more pleasing
" manner, than in the MEMORIALS, at this
" moment before my eyes.

" Believe me,

" Faithfully yours,

G. CROLY."

" RICHARD HERRING, ESQ."

The following speech, which he delivered on the presentation of the bust at the Mansion House, was really eloquent:—

"My Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I shall not venture to occupy your time with the expression of feelings for which I hope you give me credit, but which it is more difficult to express than to experience.

"Of all men, a clergyman is most open to public opinion. In public life the errors of the individual may be screened by partisanship, in private life, they may be screened by his privacy. But the clergyman, whether in his public or private capacity, lives constantly before the parochial eye.

"I have now been for twenty years the incumbent of the united parishes of St. Stephen's and St. Benet's; you have thus had sufficient opportunities of judging how far I have done my duty, and the testimonial which you have done me the honour to present this day is the amplest evidence of your good opinion.

"Yet, those twenty years have not been without their difficulties. Their course has, perhaps, been more disturbed than in any other parish of the metropolis. We have been involved in long and expensive litigation—I allude, reluctantly, to those circumstances, and merely from their allowing me to give my tribute to the manliness, determination and perseverance which they

exhibited among the parishioners. In this litigation I saw a contest without bitterness, and a triumph without exultation. After a succession of years, the rights of the parish were restored, the property was placed in fitting hands, and our noble church, the *chef d'œuvre* of the first architectural name of England, was rendered once more worthy of his name, and of the high purpose to which it was dedicated.

"Your Lordship has, in obliging terms, referred to my part in that distinguished performance — 'Roberts's Sketches of the Holy Land.' I lay no claim to any share in its popularity; I attribute it wholly to the pencil of the eminent artist, who there has brought before the British eye scenes dear to every solemn and sacred recollection. But historical, geographical and Scriptural illustrations were essential to the volumes, and those necessarily involved much time and considerable labour. The volumes are now in the libraries of kings, of colleges, and of learned societies. Their value, I understand, has largely increased; a new edition is even now preparing. It was a work strictly ecclesiastical; yet, I am not aware that it ever attracted the slightest notice from any of the higher orders of the Church; but there can be no disappointment where there is no expectation.

"On such subjects I feel perfect indifference. I have never received any ecclesiastical service from ecclesiastical hands. My present benefice was given by lay hands, but hands which would make any gift an honour, by two of the first men of the age —Lord Lyndhurst, on the recommendation of Lord Brougham.

"Your lordship has made some remarks on preferment. I feel all the delicacy of the subject, and shall make no further observation than on its effect, as relating to the two great branches of the Church. I never heard of any Irishman rising to any dignity in the English Establishment. I acknowledge the courtesies and civilities with which we are received; but between the two countries there is obviously a great gulph, to be overpassed by no wing, at least of the present age. I am no railer against the supremacy of this illustrious country. There lives no more ardent admirer of England. I fully acknowledge her title to Irish homage by the right of wise laws, eminent ability and unwearied benevolence. I care not for the calumnies of party, nor for the discontents of disappointed men. But her ecclesiastical policy was of another order. In the last century, no Irishman was supposed capable of wearing even an Irish mitre. The vacancies on the bench were

regularly filled up with old Fellows of the English Universities. The experiment satisfied nobody. It is true that the universities were relieved, but Ireland was encumbered; the Church murmured, the men were miserable; they surrounded their palaces with a circumvallation of connections, imported like themselves; they knew nothing of the country, and died enormously rich, and utterly forgotten. The consequence was inevitable. Eloquence, almost the indigenous product of Ireland, vanished from the Church, and its noblest spirits perished in obscurity.

"About fifty years ago, a wiser policy was adopted. Irishmen were appointed to Irish mitres; and the result is, that now, Protestantism no longer stands with drooping eye and dejected heart, idle and shivering on the soil, but has broken ground for the Reformation. In fifty years more, perhaps, another step will be made in advance; but which I have not the present rashness to define.

"How different was the conduct of England with respect to the civil ability of Ireland. She has never hesitated to borrow that most effective of all wealth, intellectual wealth, from Ireland. She was only too glad to see within the walls of her legislature, in days scarcely preceding our own, the Asiatic splendour and grandeur of Burke,

that oracle of political philosophy; the universal brilliancy of Sheridan, the profound logic of Plunket, and the vehement and half-inspired passion of Grattan. Even then her intellectual treasury was not exhausted; she had in reserve the 'electric light' of Curran, a light still flashing from his tomb. She has still many a man, 'who wants only the large opportunities of this great country,' to expand to the noblest proportions of mind. Nay, whom have we, even at this moment, but a man of Ireland at the summit of the State, summoned to meet the exigency of empire, and summoned by acclamation. Such a country is not to be despised.

"But does not every heart under this roof tell me that this muster-roll is incomplete without one name more, the name which irradiated our age, and which will send its lustre down to a far posterity; the man whose magnitude of mind we can measure only by the misfortune of his loss, the foremost soldier, not only of his day, but of his age, not only of his country, but of the globe. Oh, for another Wellington!

"And now, my Lord Mayor, I accept from your hands this bust—an admirable performance of art, and which must add even to the reputation of its artist, Mr. Behnes. I accept, also, the lithographic

portrait, not less admirable in its kind, the work of Mr. Baugniet, and desire to express my best thanks to you and the Lady Mayoress, for this reception of my parishioners, my friends and myself; an act of which this occasion is, I believe, the first example, even among the many acts of honour which the Mansion House has witnessed. I regard the act of this day as a true, permanent and substantial honour. In no other form, than in that bust, would the generosity of my friends have been accepted. I have, thank God, Agur's prayer. But on these topics I cannot speak; those marble lips speak for me, and more significantly than my own. That bust will be, while I have the power of exertion, a stimulus to duty; and, while I have the power of feeling, a source of gratitude."

Dr. Croly's style of preaching was peculiarly his own. He could not, therefore, be justly compared with any of his contemporaries. He rarely wrote his sermons; and more frequently preached without any apparent preparation than he did even from notes. It often happened, in the course of the service, that he would change his

mind as to the subject of his discourse. Not very long before his decease, he mentioned, on entering the vestry, that he purposed resuming a series of discourses which he had commenced upon a portion of the Old Testament, but while the Epistle was being read he resolved to make that his theme, and preached a most impressive discourse. At the evening service, which he always conducted entirely himself, even when he was upwards of eighty years of age, he always preached extemporaneously, and, although his sermons were delivered with great rapidity, they were remarkably clear, and brought together one of the largest congregations in the city of London. Of course, one cannot be surprised to find a man, who has been styled the Dr. Johnson of his day, exhibiting some few eccentricities, and to find those eccentricities occasionally manifested even in his pulpit. On one occasion, his collar or cravat very much annoyed him while

preaching, and, without stopping, he tried once or twice to readjust it; but not succeeding, he removed it from his neck altogether and tucked it under the cushion before him without the slightest concern. At St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, when about to preach a sermon on the occasion of the church being re-opened, the size of the pulpit-cushion, which was quite new, so thoroughly annoyed him, that he took it off the desk and threw it behind him; and then began his sermon. On one occasion, at St. Sepulchre's, he was preaching a most eloquent sermon to a very large congregation, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs being present, when he forgot altogether some leaves upon which he had previously made notes and let them fall among the congregation below, and continued preaching without them. On another occasion, at St. Botolph, Aldersgate, he went to preach a sermon unprepared even with a Bible; and as the minister who read the service, re-

mained in the reading-desk, the Doctor had to make his want known to a pew-opener who attended him, and she could help him no further than by lending her own little Bible, which happened to be in very bad condition; but the Doctor carried it in his hand, as a matter of course; although the print was too small for it to be of any service to him, as he never wore spectacles. In his own church he could not see the time by the clock from the pulpit. At the evening service, the verger, by his instructions, always walked to one spot at half-past seven as a signal for him to leave off preaching. He would frequently continue preaching long after that time; but, as a rule, he brought his sermon to a close as soon after half-past seven as he could make it convenient. In the Communion Service, he never would use the word damnation, but always substituted condemnation. He was very averse to collections being made at the

church doors, and, consequently, whenever they were made, the amount collected was large. If, on a Fast or Thanksgiving Day, collections were suggested for any particulur object after each service, the Doctor would invariably remark in his evening service, that of course those who gave in the morning could not be expected to give again in the evening; and, if the object suggested for the collection did not fully meet his ideas, he would always select the London Orphan Asylum, at Clapton, which he said was the best conducted institution in London, and as deserving of support as any.

The loss of Dr. Croly to a large circle is unquestionably great, for, through the influence of his sermons alone, many men who never went to church before attended his ministry regularly. The marble bust which was presented to him a few years back by his parishioners and congregation, the Doctor has bequeathed to the parish, to be placed

in the church in which he so long and so successfully ministered. His body, also, lies buried in the chancel of the church, according to his wish, and by permission granted by the Home Secretary. Thus the name and reputation of Dr. Croly are still preserved in connexion with the scene of his happiest labours, Wren's beautiful church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

A FEW SELECTIONS

FROM THE

WORKS OF DR. CROLY.

HISTORY.

History I should pronounce the especial triumph of the English mind. For, it requires an element which is to be found in no other land—the purest atmosphere of freedom. Science may flourish under despotism; poetry may borrow new lights and shades from the pomps and glooms of superstition; but history must be free, or be unequal to its mission. The corruption of the priest forbids our faith in the oracle. History, without philosophy, is a romance; without eloquence, is a chronicle; but, without truth, is a traitor.—*National Knowledge, National Power.*

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Moral philosophy is the teaching of human happiness, in the hands of man; as Religion is the teaching of human happiness, in the hands of the Creator. It is the history of the rules, impulses, and objects of human virtue. It was the earliest of all studies; for the obvious reason, that it was the most essential. The first associations of men must have felt the value of truth, of a respect for property, and of the avoidance of mutual injury. Thus, we can expect no practical *discoveries* in morality, its principles being fixed by the primal necessities of our nature. —*National Knowledge, National Power.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A science attracting every one by the simplicity of its principles, but disappointing all by the intricacy of their practice; abounding in theories, all plausible, and all discordant; an alchemical science, alluring us by the promise of turning dust into gold, until the alchemist dies over his crucible.—*Ibid.*

POETRY.

I regard poetry in a higher point of view, than as the most pleasing and popular of the arts of mind. I regard it less in form, than in spirit; as a power; as, even in its rudest shape, the indication of the uncultured genius of a people; as the divining rod, pointing out, in the wild and sterile surface of national character, where the mine exists below.

Like a Spirit, it is to be described only by negatives; it is neither pomp, nor prettiness of phrase; it is neither the attempt to swell trifling into dignity, nor the substitution of hazy imagery for the truth of nature.—It is the living language of the *soul.* If eloquence is impassioned reason, poetry is impassioned sensibility. And its especial character is, to share that sensibility with all nature. It touches all the forms and features of the landscape with affections like its own. It thus hears,—

——"Tongues in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It peoples the wilderness; it gives a language to the cataract; it talks to the everlasting hills; it hears harmonies in the gushing of the wind, in the heaving of the forest, even in the silence of night; it sees shapes of unearthly beauty in the sunset;—it draws inspiration from the stars.—*National Knowledge, National Power.*

POLITICS.

By politics, I, of course, do not mean the feuds and follies of the hour; things no more constituting the science, than the clod which clings to the ploughshare is the ploughshare. The clay drops off, and the plough delves on, in its strong work of fertilising the soil.

* * *

To know the three great rights of a freeman, personal liberty, property, and security —with their three great sources of protection, the privileges of the Monarch, of the Peerage, and of the Commons—the three powers, of the courts of law, of the legislature, and of the magistracy—the nature of those interests which embody large classes of the

population, the national constituency, the Established Church, and those municipal incorporations, in which public liberty finds its cradle and its refuge—studies of a certain importance to all, are necessary to the accomplishment of the English gentleman.—*Ibid.*

METAPHYSICS.

To Metaphysics I shall scarcely more than allude. It is the science of grave trifling; a species of intellectual gaming, in which the most successful gain nothing, and all lose time. Cultivated in the last two centuries by a crowd of sounding continental names, among which Leibnitz, Spinoza, and Kant were the chief, it only showed, to what feeble tenuities Truth might be spun, and to what palpable irrationalities Reasoning might descend.

* * *

But the science is frivolous in its nature. It is, to knowledge, what making a voyage in the air, is to making a road through the

wilderness; whatever progress is made by the metaphysician, leaves no track behind, supplies no direction for the voyage that follows, and finishes in the mere exhaustion of the vehicle. Taking for its subject the organisation of the Mind, of which man knows nothing, and *never can* know anything; its product can only be conjectures without probability, and theories, of which the hindmost regularly treads down the one that went before.—*National Knowledge, National Power.*

THEOLOGY.

All true Knowledge is founded on Religion; for all is founded on the observance of Nature; and that observance is wholly founded on the principle—that all things have been made by a Being of supreme power, wisdom, and beneficence.

If there have been infidel men of science, they have been only contradicting, in their conceptions of God, the principle on which they were investigating his works, from hour to hour. When the Anatomist discovers

some articulation in the human frame, of whose use he is ignorant, does he regard it as a blunder of Nature? Never. He is convinced that it belongs to some finer contrivance; and in that conviction he applies himself to the inquiry. When the Physiologist meets with a ganglion, of which he knows nothing, does he at once abandon the inquiry, in the idea that nothing can be known? No; he instinctively feels himself on the verge of some clearer insight into the human functions, and is perfectly convinced that, the further he goes, the stronger will be the evidence of skill in the construction.

When the Astronomer finds himself suddenly perplexed by some anomaly in the motions of the heavenly bodies, does he give up its solution, as a work of chance? On the contrary, he feels that nature has *no* defects; that there is a scientific ground for everything; and that, by the development of the anomaly, he is only making another step to the possession of some leading law, some great, effective truth of the system. What, then, is this universal principle of philosophy, but the perfection of nature?

And what is that perfection, but the perfection of its Author? And what must be that Author, but a Being of infinite power, wisdom, and beneficence? But, in this, we have the definition of God.—*National Knowledge, National Power.*

THE THEORY OF RELIGION.

Religion is a science; for it is eminently addressed to the understanding. It has the principles, the laws, and the progressive discoveries of a science. But, of all sciences, it is the noblest; for it possesses the loftiest principles, the most unerring laws, and the most boundless discoveries. It alone tells us of the true nature of Man, and of the solemn responsibilities of his Being. It alone gives us the still higher knowledge of the Divine Will, — of the Providential government of this world, — and of the glories of the world beyond the grave.

* * *

All true religion is by revelation of God. Some theologians give the priority to Natural religion; but they are in error. It was

neither the first in point of time, nor the first in point of impression.

The three great principles of religion — the being of a God — the Atonement — and the Immortality of the soul — were never the *discoveries* of man.

From the period of the Fall, to the Deluge, the condition of man was evidently one of intense toil, — a perpetual struggle with the difficulties of a world laid under the Divine anathema. After the Deluge, man was still the creature of toil. That the Being of a God is capable of proof from the order and organization of his works, is true; and it was among the charges of St. Paul against the heathen philosophers, that they had not exercised their reason in the proof. But, how can we conceive this most sublime of all abstractions to have been reached by the unassisted faculties of generations scattered through the swamps and forests of a new world, exposed to the vicissitudes of inclement nature, and struggling with man, the wilderness, and the lion, for existence?

The Atonement was a conception of still higher difficulty; for, what connection then,

or even now, is to be discovered, *on human principles,* between the death of an inferior animal, and the sins of man?

The Immortality of the Soul was, if possible, still more beyond the reach of human faculties than either; for human reason was not merely without a guide to the conception, but all nature seemed to be opposed to its discovery.—Man is surrounded by decay. Dissolution is the universal law. Who had ever seen man return from the grave? Who had ever known the spirit of the departed? The revivals of nature, the recurrence of the seasons, the vegetation of the forest, the blossoming of the flower, or even the transformation of the insect, were but slight analogies; the tree, the flower, or the insect had not perished; their existence was still before the eye. But the beauty and strength of man had visibly sunk into the dust: the form passed away, and the spirit was known no more.

Yet those three great truths, thus beyond the grasp of the human faculties, were in the possession of every race of mankind, since the earliest periods of human record.

The most uncivilized nations of the earth, from the most obscure times of their history, believed in a God. They worshipped Him, in the rude acknowledgment of His power, and in the equally rude acknowledgment of His beneficence.

The most uncivilized nations believed in the Atonement by sacrifice. The offering of animal life for human expiation belonged to every people and every age.

The most uncivilized nations believed in the Immortality of the Soul. And it is remarkable, that this belief, though opposed by the strongest human prepossessions, occupied the largest space in the mind of every people of the ancient world. From the mystical Indian, and the brilliant Greek, to the roving life of Asia, and the savage indolence of the African, the doctrine was embraced in every shape in which it could excite the feelings, or engross the thoughts of man.

Every nation of antiquity had a future world of its own, pictured with the imagery of loveliness or terror, familiar to its habits of existence. The Greek filled the regions

of the soul with the marble hills and sparkling waters of his own delightful land. The Scythian gave it the boundless grandeur of his deserts, and piled the tomb of his chieftain with the weapons and ornaments which he had used in life, for imaginary huntings and feasts beyond the grave.

The man of Scandinavia imagined palaces of supernatural pomp, where the spirits of his kings and warriors revelled in perpetual banquets, listening to their exploits chanted by shadowy bards.

The Egyptian embalmed his dead; and thus attempted to fix before his eye, in the imperishable body, an emblem of the imperishable soul.

Is it possible to believe, that conceptions thus difficult, yet universal; thus opposed to nature, yet congenial to habit; thus superior to the invention of man, yet thus powerfully impressed on every stage of human society, were the work of man? They were the work of a will altogether above man. Essential to the advancement of society, to the happiness of human being, and to our fitness for that still nobler state, for which the world is

simply a preparative; yet too high for the struggling condition and infirm faculties of man, they were the gift of heaven.—All true religion is by revelation of God.—*Foundling Sermons.*

THE EXERCISE OF FAITH.

Without a full and firm conviction of the truth of Christianity, you can have no practical Christianity. Is it not written, "That without faith it is impossible to please God?" Yet, what is the faith of accident, the faith of conjecture, or the faith of ignorance? They perish before the first breath of scepticism.

To what other cause than to this indolent and uninquiring belief have all the religious corruptions of man been due? What is superstition, but the irrationality of religious fear? What is fanaticism, but the irrationality of religious fantasy?—True religion, at once ardent and wise, at once sensitive and practical; at once giving us patience for the humblest duties of life, and lifting our hearts

to the noblest contemplations of heaven; true religion, alike the guide and the consoler of man, the great teacher of the realities of things here, and the conqueror of the grave, is the offspring of that Faith alone, which awakes the slumber of the soul by the summons of the understanding.—*Foundling Sermons.*

THE OBJECTS OF PRAYER.*

In the shallowness of scepticism, it has been asked, Why are we to pray, when the purpose of our prayer is already known? The answer is, that Omniscience, of course, reads the thoughts of man; but prayer is demanded, not as a communication of our wants, but as a proof of our convictions. It is a description of the heart; it implies an immediate sense of homage, of obedience, and of gratitude. If the bounties of heaven were given to man without prayer, they would be received without acknowledgment. Man, nurtured wholly by the spontaneous

* *Sermons.*—Smith, Elder, & Co.

benevolence which sustains the brute, would be, like the brute, unconscious of the Giver. Prayer, administering the perpetual lesson of humility, of hope, and of love, makes us feel our connexion with heaven, through every touch of our necessities; it binds us to Providence by a chain of daily benefits; it impresses the heart of all with a perpetual remembrance of the God of all.

* * *

But, to ourselves the most important of all questions is, Do we believe those declarations? Do we rejoice in this glorious privilege to approach Him, whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain? Do we know, do we feel, do we *act upon*, the Divine promise, that God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him? Or do we pray, only in the coldness of a reluctant duty, instead of the ardour of beings grateful for a life of mercies? Do we offer our worship, only as a tribute to public decorum, instead of the earnest supplications of beings with souls to be saved? Do we call upon God, only in the customary language of the day, to search the heart, which we close upon

him? or do we come with the deep sensibility of a faithful, lowly, and loving heart, to Him, "in whom we live and move and have our being?" Let us, on our knees in our chamber, and in the sincere fidelity of our souls, answer those things.

I am no railer at the age, yet I dread, that thousands and tens of thousands are practically unconscious of the powers of prayer. But, must we, then, linger on in negligence and apathy, until we are startled by the heavy hand of heaven, and driven to our knees beside the deathbed of those, whose loss makes life desolate to us; or until the vigour of life passes away, and we cling to the altar in our loneliness; until our faculties of head and heart decay, and we can offer to God only the remnant of what we were, and pray, not from the hope of immortality, but from the terror of the grave?—*Foundling Sermons.*

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity has been distinguished from all other religions, except that of the Jews,

by the openness of its origin. It was neither born in remote fiction, nor matured in studied obscurity; it neither hid its infant head in caves, nor walked the world in clouds. From the beginning it appealed to reason, it courted inquiry, it demanded publicity; to this hour it is the religion of research, of knowledge, of ancient learning, and of modern judgment. No religion ever so vigorously urged the progress of the human understanding, by turning all its powers to the investigation of subjects the most practical, yet the most elevating and superb, which can stimulate the human mind.

What it is now, it was in the first hours of its being. What it is, when the interests of nations are bound up with its universality, it was, when its sole champions were grouped in a chamber in Jerusalem, or hunted from city to city by the sword. "These things were not done in a corner," was one of its earliest challenges to the intellectual vigour of mankind.—*Ibid.*

ON THE SPEECH OF STEPHEN BEFORE HIS MARTYRDOM.

It is evident that this speech must have been of the highest importance to the progress of Christianity. Its importance is so obvious, that we can scarcely doubt its being the immediate work of inspiration. In every feature, the transcript of the public annals; its facts were undeniable by the Jew, and it deprived him for ever after, of his favourite and universal argument against Christianity.

But not the least memorable part of this whole remarkable transaction is, that a syllable of the speech was listened to by either the tribunal or the populace. We know the temper of the Oriental to be precipitate and passionate, even without the excitement of fanaticism; but, with the Jew, fanaticism amounted almost to frenzy. The veneration for his ancestors was the proudest characteristic of his country, and in the overthrow of their religious renown, he lost the distinction, to which he had clung in all the wreck of the national fortunes. How is it

that this daring declamation was not stopped at the instant? It was wholly irrevelant to the accusation on which Stephen had been brought before the Sanhedrin. Could any tribunal have been required to suffer a long and elaborate detail of the offences of their nation? Would any tribunal of our time, however impartial, have endured such a detail? Yet, it was poured unresistingly into the ears of a tyrant tribunal, and an infuriate multitude. Do we not find awe and consternation even in the subdued and brief question of the High Priest, "Are those things so?" Where were now the haughty hypocrites who, at the answer of our Lord, rent their robes, and shouted "Blasphemy?" Was this the judicature which had sent the apostles to the dungeon, on the simple answer, "that it was better to obey God than man?" I can discover no explanation of this endurance, on human grounds; but I can amply discover it, on the grounds of the narrative.

They saw no longer before them the object of crimination: they saw a countenance suddenly beaming with celestial splendour.

They were in the presence, and under the awe of miracle. They were no longer judges and accusers; they were the judged and the accused. The glory which had so lately shone on the foreheads of the apostles, was once more before their eyes, and they listened as to an accusing angel.

But, are we allowed to impute any portion of this endurance to apathy? — quite the reverse. They were "cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth." They felt the whole infliction of this solemn invective: still they bore it all, until Stephen, as the reward of his holy heroism, saw the vision of his Lord. "And being full of the Holy Ghost, he looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God!"

That the man whom they had crucified, was exalted into heaven; that He whose blood they had taken on their own heads and those of their children, should be seen standing in the lustre of the throne of heaven; that the despised and persecuted Jesus of Nazareth

was the Incarnate Jehovah! must then have been felt by them, as the most terrible condemnation, or the darkest blasphemy. In an uncontrollable fury, "they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him."

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The contrast between his speech and his last words is remarkable. In the former, all is defiance, all daring, all stern and contemptuous exposure: in the latter, though we might expect him to be excited by the natural exasperation against ferocious injustice; by the indignant sense of the righteous cause trampled down by brute violence; and by the agony of mortal wounds,—he casts not a single rebuke at his murderers. Kneeling in the midst of a circle where every hand was armed against his life, he only prays that their sin may not be "laid to their charge."—*Foundling Sermons.*

"OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

But, what superb language is this! How vast, glowing, and magnificent in its promise, how totally transcending the thought of man in its conception. Yet, how consoling and exalting to the heart which receives it, as it is—as the declaration of the Most High! That man, the being of yesterday, the brother of the worm, the child of tribulation, infirmity, and sin, should be exalted into a connection of any kind with the Almighty; that, with the immeasurable distance between the creature and the Creator, he should be made an "heir of God," and that, with the passions and propensities of his nature, he should become a sharer in the Divine glory, a "joint heir" in that inheritance which Christ won on the cross, is utterly astonishing. How much does the Christian lose, by disregarding such language, by diluting its meaning, or by suffering it to escape from his mind! Taken literally, what words were ever heard, making so solemn and powerful an appeal to every lofty and influential im-

pulse of the soul! What eloquence of earth can exhibit its equal, in impelling man to the true elevation of his nature, to an indefatigable sense of duty, to a perpetual ardour of gratitude, to a fervent and holy hope, to a consciousness at once of the humility of his being, and of the glory to which it shall yet be raised!—Yet all this springs out of the simple title, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Even on earth, no title could be conceived more expressive; for what feeling of human nature equals in tenderness and truth the feeling of the parent for the child? What sensibility is like that patient and unwearied affection, which not merely watches over the infancy, but follows the career through life? that sleepless solicitude and prompt self-sacrifice, that generous interest and fond fidelity of heart, which no ingratitude can alienate, which no distance can divide, which no time can exhaust; that sacred tie of soul, which defies the grave, and even adds a new incentive to virtue, in our longing for that immortality where separation shall be known no more?—*Foundling Sermons.*

REPENTANCE.

There is a repentance,—the anguish of voluntary guilt, the dread of suffering, brought home by the sense of ruin,—the repentance of the dungeon and the scaffold. But this is terror, not conviction.

There is another repentance—the Judas-like torture of mind; the sudden awaking of a conscience, disturbed only like the snake, to strike its fangs into the heart—the repentance which sees no resource but in revenging society on itself, and cutting off its connexion with man and life by an act of despair. But this is remorse, not conviction.

* * *

The only true repentance is conviction: that sorrow of heart which hates not alone the consequences of sin, but sin itself; which grieves over the act, as an offence to God; and which resolves to sin no more, in sign of renewed obedience to the will of Our Father which is in heaven.

* * *

If the moralist, in every age, has ridiculed the solemn absurdity of arrogance in man; if the historian, when he conducts us through those scenes of memorable struggle, in which the eminent in their generation fought their way to fame, still constantly reminds us, that we are treading among sepulchres, and that whatever may be the pomp of the inscription, it is still but an inscription on a tomb; Scripture gives us the lesson tenfold. In the very act of pronouncing man immortal, it impresses "vanity and vexation of spirit" on all the possessions, all the achievements, and all the powers of man. Even by the immensity of his prospects, it teaches him the littleness of his life: as the grandeur and glory of the stars shows us the insignificance of our globe. By the perfection of the Creator it gives us a standard, beside which the loftiest pretensions of man utterly vanish. By even the nature of man himself, and the imperishable inheritance assigned to him in glory, it stamps the solemn sense of the utter triviality of all things on this side of the grave.

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The first advance to redemption is the acknowledgment of our infirmity: The consciousness of our weakness is the origin of our strength. The man of the world scoffs at the language in which he confesses himself a "miserable sinner." For he has no conception of its truth. Insulting the Divine Law by every act of his existence, he never dreams of its violation. Living in an atmosphere of sin; proud, selfish, and profligate, he regards his temperament as the common habit of society, and if he avoids offence to the forms of the world, sleeps, with a conscience untouched by a pang.

But, the Christian convert knows nothing of this security. He prays for the Holy Spirit, to enlighten the darkness which, for the first time in his existence, he has discovered to be darkness; he solicits the knowledge of himself; a want which he never felt before. He owns the fluctuation of his resolves, the feebleness of his faith, the difficulty of overcoming the original evil of his nature. "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," is the perpetual prayer of his heart. "Old things are past away, all things are

become new." He no longer lives in those depths of moral ignorance, where, like the dweller in a mine, the breath of Heaven had never reached him; where all the light is artificial, and all the sounds are unnatural, and where every step is from peril to peril. He now stands, where he sees the day, and lives with the works of Providence round him, is awakened to the glories of the sky; and worships the power of "Him who made them all."—*Foundling Sermons.*

BISHOPS.

Their choice ought to lie among men in the vigour of ability and the vigour of life; fearless, earnest, and ardent men; apostolic missionaries in a missionary land; powerful with the pen, powerful in the pulpit; not exhausting their time and uses in the official routine which should be left to clerks and chaplains; but, devoting themselves exclusively to the great duties and to the great questions of the church, suffering no right to be bartered away, and no heresy to escape

detection; men with "their loins girt, and their lamps burning," constantly sending forth those works of talent and principle, which flash on the darkness of a nation, and at once show the perils of its road, and remind it of a Power which rules the world from above. I would have a race of men of first-rate intellectual qualities, and those qualities burnished in the boldest exercises of the intellectual field. Such, and such alone, are the fitting servants of Him "who maketh his Angels spirits, and his Ministers a flame of fire."—*Foundling Sermons.*

CLERGY.

Infidelity of late has changed its tone; it is no longer contemptuous, insulting, and audacious. It now assumes the pretence of reluctant doubt, laborious learning, and conscientious investigation.—The bold blasphemer startles us no more; he wears the cloak of the student, and solicits us into temptation. Yet, more desperate corruptions of the truth of God, more profligate attempts

to unsettle the soul, or a more inveterate passion to throw man into the grasp of moral death, were never exhibited in the most ostentatious periods of hostility to the gospel.

* * *

There is a tremendous weight of ignorant, insidious, and fierce opinion at this hour in action against Christianity. The contest exists throughout Europe. In one great section of the nominal Christian Church, the spirit of religion is totally extinguished in superstitious forms, and personal vice. In another, a subtle scepticism, affecting to treat inspiration as an accident, and the Word of God as the tradition of man, degrades the Scriptures to the level of a legend.

But, how is this twofold assault to be resisted? The only weapons must be vigorous originality, vigorous logic, and vigorous learning. The minister of the Church must no more escape under a cloud of commonplaces. He must meet the conflict, in the strength of human and spiritual knowledge.

He lives in an age of presumptuous, yet unquestionably of growing, intelligence. He must not suffer himself to fall behind its re-

quisitions. He lives in an age of solemn scoffing, and haughty prejudice. He must prepare himself for its encounter. He lives in an age of startling changes in the European mind; of the direct advance of the most fatal of all superstitions to authority; and of a general heresy of heart, as well as of religion. He must be furnished with the Christian panoply for this gigantic, and, perhaps, final struggle.

The pulpit is the natural refuge of truth; and the time may be approaching, when it will be the *only* refuge. What then should the minister of the gospel be?—A creature of intellectual accomplishment, and of hallowed energy; a bold, fervent, and indefatigable champion of the truth, with all the treasures of scriptural and human knowledge open before him, and all employed in the testimony and the triumph of Revelation.

He must be no trifler with the trifles of doctrine; no softener of the deep things of God to the capricious ears of the world; no speaker of a flattering phraseology to hardened consciences. He must be full of ardour for the glory of God, full of earnestness for

the salvation of men, and full of prayer for that Divine Spirit, which illumines, invigorates, and directs to the amplest purposes, the accomplished faculties of the Christian mind.—*Ibid.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Abolish it, and where can be found an equal instructor for the multitude? The employments of our humbler brethren must preclude the study of Scripture. I am far from undervaluing the instruction given in the school and the cottage. But it would be idle to compare it with the instruction given in the Church; with the combined influence of the vigorous argument, the affectionate appeal, and the solemn science of the human heart. What could be the substitute for that Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God proclaimed from the pulpit, in its solemn conviction, and in its impassioned interest for the souls of men; in that speaking of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment

to come;" before which, and before which alone, the Felixes of this world tremble.

Abolish public worship, and with it, you abolish the pulpit; that especial *invention* of Christianity, which lent early wings to the propagation of the Gospel; that mighty Mace, which, in the hands of the Apostle, levelled the battlements of heathenism; and in the hands of the Reformer, let light into the dungeons of superstition; that instrument of intellectual power which breaks up the soil of the heart, and prepares it for the harvest of the Gospel; that trumpet of holiness and faith, which, like the trumpets of the Jewish priests on the hills, hailed the rising of the Religion, which shall lighten our darkness, until the perfect day.

Even the assembling of our fellow men in worship has its sacred impressions. Sympathy has a strong influence on human nature: we can scarcely see a multitude engaged in any act, without an instinctive tendency to its imitation; the mind naturally moves with the current of the time; we involuntarily join in the prayer pronounced by every lip around; the universal praise that strikes the ear, re-

turns an echo from the heart. And, this influence has not been overlooked by Him, who knows the nature of man; nor forgotten in the promise, that "where two or three are gathered together in his name, there He is in the midst of them."

The sacred Equality of mankind is another among the high lessons of public worship. These walls alone teach man elevation without pride, and humility without debasement. Once entered here, we are in the house of our general Father, and we are all entitled to the name of His children. Before the infinite grandeur of God, what are the distinctions of man? Here we are no longer divided into the few favorites of fortune, and the many toiling through the thorny paths of life. Here we are fellow immortals—the very marbles around us, in all their blazonry, show only how soon the distinctions of the world pass away. But, if they tell us of a common grave, the pulpit tells us of a common glory.—*Sermon on Public Worship.*

PRIVATE PRAYER.

If still we have doubters of the duty of public worship, from the supposed superiority of private prayer: the pulpit will freely acknowledge, that one of the great objects of service in the Church, is homage in the chamber: that the command to kneel in the presence of the congregation is designed to make man kneel where none but the eye of God can see him, and that its chief good is gained, when the heart, penetrated with the lessons of the pulpit, meditates on them in penitence and prayer at home. The contrite heart is the creation of Him, who when "two or three are gathered together in his name is in the midst of them;" but, not less blest, when in silence and solitude, without the vanity of ostentatious virtue, or the hypocritical humility put on for a cloak before the people, the man opens his bosom, with all its infirmities, and all its hopes, with all its imperfect holiness, and all its feeble aspirations after good, before his Father which is in heaven; and learns of the Holy Spirit, to make that supplication, which shall never fail.—*Sermon on Public Worship.*

BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Why have two sacraments been given? when the object is the same; the admission into the future kingdom? The reason is to be found in the nature of man. There are two evident conditions of the human intellect, one in which it is *not* developed, and one in which it *is*. Baptism is intended for the purification of man in the former condition; the Lord's Supper is intended for his purification in the latter. If he dies before the exercise of his understanding; and, of course, before the capability of actual sin; a Sacrament is provided, by which he is made capable of "being a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." If he lives, until the development of his faculties, and, of course, until the capability of personal guilt; another Sacrament is provided, by which on personal repentance and personal faith in the sacrifice of Christ, he may be restored.

Thus, also there is no scriptural command for the repetition of Baptism; while there

are such commands for the repetition of the Lord's Supper. The reason is, that Baptism is for an especial time, and for an especial purpose; for infancy, and for the cleansing of original sin. But, as neither the period, nor the guilt can return, the sacrament is not renewed. While the Lord's Supper, being appointed for the purification of personal sins, from which none are free, and which *may* often recur; the Sacrament, in "remembrance of the death of Christ, till he come" is commanded to be repeated, as the continual emblem of the atonement—and an effectual pledge of the purification constantly required.

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The cavil, that man cannot believe what he cannot comprehend, and is thus entitled to reject the doctrine of regeneration, does not deserve the name of argument. What is there even of the operations of nature which man can be said to *comprehend?* What *are* magnetism, gravitation, light and heat? or what does man *know* of any of them, beyond a few rules? What does he know of Spirit? What of the powers by which his own spirit acts upon his frame? Nothing.

Yet, who doubts the existence of those things.—*Sermon on Infant Regeneration.*

The Old and New Testaments alike declare that all the chief ordinances of religion on earth have a concurrent action in the spiritual world, and that it is *this* action which alone makes the earthly ordinance effectual. Thus, the whole tenor of the Epistle to the Hebrews is, to show that the temple-worship, existing in that day, had its counterpart in heaven. —Christ, the spiritual high priest, a spiritual offering of his blood, a spiritual holy of holies; and that even Jerusalem had its counterpart, in the city of God, a Jerusalem *above*, whose inhabitants are "an innumerable company of angels; the multitude of the first-born written in heaven, (perhaps from all the worlds of the universe) and the *spirits* of just men made perfect."

The general doctrine of the two Testaments perfectly coincides in this view. Thus human prayer, apparently the simplest of all approaches to the divine throne, is declared to require the concurrence of the Holy Spirit,

not merely to prompt the prayer, but to pray for us in his own words, in language incapable of being used by man, and with an effect immeasurable by man.

Thus, too, the death of Christ on the Cross, apparently an act of such magnificent virtue, as to require no more than the physical sacrifice, is declared to be an offering "through the Spirit," in other words requiring a concurrent offering of his blood in the spiritual world.

Thus, in Baptism, the regeneration is through a concurrent act of the Holy Spirit; for, it is evident that the mere sprinkling of an infant with water, can *regenerate* nothing.

And thus, too, the language of our Lord to the Jews, that they should eat his flesh and drink his blood, an act *never* done by any man, he explains, is to be done *spiritually*—namely, by some concurrent action in the spiritual world, which shall fully *realize* his declaration.

It is true, that we cannot conceive the *nature* of this spiritual action, while we remain in this world; nor can we conceive *any* spiritual action; for, of Spirit, of its mode

of operation, or of its communication with the human mind, man knows *nothing;* he not having yet been furnished with faculties adequate to such knowledge.

The Theory then is this, that, both Baptism and the Eucharist are *covenants* with God, man doing one part, and God another; the part of man in Baptism being to sprinkle the child at the Font, and the part of God being to regenerate the soul. Also, in the Eucharist, the part of man is, to receive the bread and wine; and the part of God is, to make the receiver a member of the body of which Christ is the Head, and to protect him against the punishment of his sins by the blood of Christ, as the Israelite was protected in the night of the tenth plague of Egypt.

It will be observed, that this theory is no innovation on the doctrine of the Church of England; but merely a development of that doctrine by a reference to the general and undeniable system of Providence.

We are thus relieved from all the impossibilities of the Popish conception, from all the improbabilities of the Lutheran, and from all

the perplexities of the Tractarian. We are not called on to believe that bread and wine are actually flesh and blood; nor that Christ is present in the body, where is utterly undiscoverable by the senses; nor that he may be adored in one part of a church more than another, and adored in the bread and wine without joining them in the adoration. The only preparations required are, that repentance for our sins which implies a determination to commit them no more, and that faith which believes in the divine declaration, and seeks for pardon through the atonement of Christ the Saviour.—*Sermon on the Lord's Supper.*

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

I desire to take the most cheering view of all things; to think only of the resources of this great country, of the honest, though inactive, spirit of our national integrity, of our goodwill to man, and, above all, of the mighty interpositions with which Divine Providence has from time to time favoured

the land in its day of peril. But, there is no wisdom in over-rating human means; and I can see no power in any expedient of human wisdom, to raise the state of the lower orders, without first putting them in a condition to assist the public effort. All the legislation on earth will not ultimately improve the condition, the intelligence, or the independence, of an indolent, or a profligate, or a disaffected people. To that degradation we have not sunk. But, we must make our popular virtues active. Frugality, honesty, and patience, must sow the seed of national renown; nay, in these anxious days, the seed even of national Security.

I have no fondness for perpetually urging the subject of Religion into the common transactions of life. I would avoid all that common use of its language, which familiarizes without enforcing; but when the great question comes, "What shall we do to be saved?" I should reply to the nation, as I should to the man; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The nation must be made religious. We have not cast off the

religion of our fathers, in name; but we must retrieve it in substance.

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On the general subject of Education by the State I enter but slightly. We all have that respectful feeling for lawful Government, which leads us to give it credit for honesty of intention. I believe that the Established Church has not the most trivial desire to augment its authority by taking public education into its hands. I think, also, that the task is wholly beyond its means. It has already made unwearied efforts, and has submitted to heavy sacrifices. In many instances, the schools have been almost wholly supported by the income of a Church, in which there are four thousand livings under £100 a year. But, if the Church were to offer its last shilling, it must break down before the rush of a population swelling at the rate of a thousand a day.

Yet, do I despond at this burst of population? I should as soon despond at a double harvest. I see in it a new burst of existence, a new influx of human energies, a new creation of the sons of immortality. Do I wring

my hands over the difficulties, which this pressure of population gathers round our time? I regard them only as new demands on the intelligence of public council, and on the expediency of public benevolence. Do I fix my eyes on the future, and augur nothing there, but the angry flashes and muttering peals of a distant but irresistible tempest? If I see the storm, I see brighter things within it; shapes of beneficent power on the clouds, Spirits that,

> "Pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm."

I regard the increase, the difficulties, and even the dangers, as only portions of a great providential design for the general advancement of the human species. I think that I already see some steps towards the fulfilment of that design, in the national efforts to make the condition of the multitude an object of inquiry.—In the employment of science on the food, the clothing, the comforts, and even the enjoyments of the people; in the building of wholesome habitations, in the ventilation of our cities, in the erection

of our houses of refuge from disease, in providing places of harmless recreation for the living, and places of decorous repose for the dead.

I never see the new and handsome spaces opened in the suburbs for the amusement of the population, the free entrance of our museums and galleries for their intelligent curiosity, the powerful enginery which carries them along our roads and rivers, beyond the smoke and tumult of our cities, or those extraordinary efforts of the press, which bring the still higher refreshment of literature into the cottage; without feeling that this great simultaneous direction of the powers of man and the state, prefigures some memorable impulse for the happiness of society.

Yet, I am no visionary; I know the stern realities of the hour. I cannot avoid hearing the anxieties of every rank of the social commonwealth, and, above all, the sufferings of the humbler orders. I have no idea of offering advice to the famishing man, in place of food. The first duty must be regulated by the first necessity. "We must feed the hungry, and clothe the destitute, and visit

the fatherless and widow in their affliction."

But, those are not of the order from which our real peril can arise. It is not beside the sick bed, nor under the roof of industrious poverty, that we shall have to meet the antagonist of civil allegiance. That prophet of evil is to be encountered in the more prosperous condition of the people; among the excitable multitude, sensitive to their power, but regardless in its direction; passionate for change, yet unconscious of the horrors of subversion; imagining a Mahometan paradise of politics, without thinking of the bridge, fine as a hair, and the torrent of flame, over which they must pass, to reach its portals.

But, let me not be supposed to undervalue the character of even this showy extravagance. It at least aims loftily in its hallucination. Yet, this young aspirant which vaults into the chariot of the sun, and attempts to light the world, must not be suffered to set the globe on fire. I admit, that it is a bold, a glowing, and even a brilliant time—a time when dazzling and unde-

fined conceptions are abroad; when men, disdaining the old weapons of moral and national struggle, would forge their swords of the lightning, and bring down the whirlwind to the field. Then, I say, that if we have to contend with a power beyond legislation, we must meet it with a strength superior to the means of man. If we are to be threatened, as we hourly are in the language of those declaimers, with the invasion of a force as unlimited and as profound as the ocean; we must look to that power, which says alike to the moral and the physical ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." A divine control must be sought, where a human control would be mockery. We must make the multitude religious, turn their violence into their strength, and purify even their agitation and turbulence into the salubrity of the system.— *Sermon on National Education.*

FEMALE EDUCATION.

I almost doubt, whether, if I were called on to say, which ought to make the especia

object of the state, I should not give the preference to female education. The necessities of life go far to educate men. But the helplessness and humility of the female heart, and the comparatively retired life of women, especially require aid from the knowledge and discipline of an intelligent educational system. The character of society chiefly depends on women. The tone of every individual mind, is, perhaps, given within its first seven years. Of those years women must have the chief superintendence; and can we leave such a superintendence to undisciplined minds?

I should go further still, and say, that there is no rank of female life which would not be benefited by great institutions, formed on intelligent plans, vigilantly guarded by female propriety, supplied with the most varied, extensive, and graceful instruction, and above all, where religion was the guiding spirit of the whole discipline. I should rejoice to see an institution of this kind formed in every county of England; under the superintendence of the chief families, inspected by the parents and guardians of the pupils; and

of profligacy; the rough virtues forced into with public examinations, and evidence of the progress of their acquirements. We should thus, not only obtain for the rising womanhood of England, the most accomplished education in the world at the simplest rate; but we should obtain a security against all the hazards of the ordinary system, and relieve our leading families from the presumed necessity of entrusting their young females to the pernicious principles, and gross and unfeminine habits of continental life. If the custom of educating the daughters of our aristocracy, on the continent, shall continue for another quarter of a century; if a propensity for the wretched triflings of foreign life shall be inculcated from the tenderest childhood; if conduct which shames the eye, and language which startles the ear, are to be familiarized to the rising generation of England, what can we expect from them as the wife and the mother?

I cannot dissemble my regret, nay, my alarm, at the annual migration of persons of condition, to winter in the capitals of the Continent. Continental life is now a swamp

it by the scourge of war have passed away. There are exceptions, of course; but, into whatever mountain recess, or village shade, virtue may retire; the habits of the Continental cities, and of that especial range of society in which strangers chiefly mingle, are utterly unprincipled;—men living on the basest arts, and women utterly tarnished in all that should constitute the value, and the pride of woman. Over that more than Avernian pool, every virtue droops its wing. If the court, the theatre, and the ball, filling up the scandalized and desecrated Sunday; if a disgust for all occupations unconnected with the shows and follies of the hour; if an utter inability to live, but in the perpetual whirl of society; if a toil of amusement, a helpless and headlong desperation in the pursuit of pleasure, are to be the employment of the daughters of England, then they have found the true place of pupillage. I pass over the still more painful topics, of dangerous example, of a growing scorn of their own country, and of a rapid indifference to all that bears the name of religion.—*Sermon on National Education.*

THE SUSTENANCE OF MAN.

Why was man so constituted, as to require food? Is not the obvious answer to be found, in that Divine benevolence by which enjoyment is spread so largely over all life. There can be no question of the resources of Omnipotence; man might have been formed with no more necessity for food than the flower. But, all know that food is capable of giving pleasure, and by this daily necessity a general pleasure was constantly combined with existence. And this purpose is still more distinctly shown as the scale descends. The animals immediately below man pass a large portion of their lives in the simple enjoyment of appetite. The insect tribes, and the still lower races, seem to pass nearly their whole existence in this pleasure. Man, at the summit of the intellectual scale, has perhaps the most restricted indulgence of appetite; from his having more than compensating intellectual enjoyment. Thus the proportion of pleasure and capacity is sustained; but the principle of enjoyment exists through all.

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Another striking distinction is observable in the food of the lower animal world. The original produce of the earth was spontaneous, alike for all living existence. But man sinned, and to him it was spontaneous no more. The inferior animals, formed without a moral sense, were incapable of sharing in his sin, and they have not shared in his punishment. Their food remains spontaneous still. Man may force them to labour for him, but none labour for themselves. No animal has ever been discovered, that cultures the ground, or prepares its own sustenance. The lion and tiger may hunt down their prey, but the chase is a palpable enjoyment, and the capture is a luxury. For bird and beast Nature spreads an inexhaustible board. Man famishes, but no *tribe* of air, field, or forest, was ever lost for want of food.

* * *

The number of human beings on the earth is calculated at nearly one thousand millions: all those are fed from the produce of the ground; for even animal food is itself

the produce of the ground.* It is true that, for this result, man in general must labour; but, how small an actual portion of this immense productiveness is due to man! His labour ploughs the ground, and drops the seed into the furrow. From that moment a higher agency supersedes him. The ground is in possession of influences which he can no more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can govern the ocean. The mighty alembic of the atmosphere is set at work; the rains are distilled, the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning darts its fertilizing fire into the soil, the frost purifies the rapidity of the fermenting vegetation,—perhaps a thousand other agents are in movement, of which the secrets are still hidden from man, but the vividness of whose force penetrates all things, and the extent of whose action is only to be measured by the globe; while man stands by, and has only to see the naked and

* The food of a man has been calculated, at the lowest rate, at the value of five pounds annually. This alone would amount to five thousand millions sterling, without accounting for the food of all below man.

drenched soil clothing itself with the tender vegetation of spring, or the living gold of the harvest; the whole loveliness and bounty of Nature delighting his eye, soliciting his hand, and filling his heart with joy.

* * *

Or to take another view; variety of production. Who can doubt that it was within the power of the Divine Being, to have appointed any conceivable produce of the ground, as the material of human existence? He who made the organs of nutrition, might have adapted them to any food, or any food to them. Or, he might have made but *one* species of food, or made that one repulsive, and yet nutritious. Yet, what is the reality? He has given us food in astonishing variety, generally under forms of great beauty, and universally pleasing to the taste. But, He has not merely diversified the necessary subsistence of man, and thus met the diversified climates of the globe; but He has given luxuries, unessential to the actual support of man; the syrups of the East, the spices of the South, the rich fruitage of the West, the refreshing products of Southern Europe; the

lemon, the orange, the melon and the vine, salutary luxuries in their own climates, delicious luxuries in all.—*Sermon on the Productiveness of the Globe.*

THE JEWS.

The existence of the Jews exhibits the character of a Divine interposition. Mixed with all mankind, yet separate; exercising the highest influence as individuals, yet in the lowest condition as a people; amassing the greatest opulence, yet nationally poor; adhering to their national belief, yet without the power of renewing their national worship; the dwellers in every land, yet the population of none; scattered through the world, yet preserving a connexion; and marked by that unchangeable visage, which has never communicated itself to any other nation, and has never been obliterated by time, chance, or misfortune. A nation *denationalized!* The existence of the Jews is a miracle, when all other miracles have ceased; a living proof of the continued action of

Providence on human affairs, and an attestation to the truth of their history, bearing the most signal stamp of Heaven.—*Lectures.*

ROMANISM.

It would be incredible, if it were not visibly true, how paralytic the mind becomes under the regimen of Rome—how its natural exercises, of study, opportunity, and even of zeal, only increase its feebleness, under the swathings of Rome. How long is the infancy, and how sudden the old age! How the constant hearing of fables, and the constant sight of idolatry, hastens the decrepitude of the faculties! How the waste of life, in the solemn frivolities of its ceremonials, inverts the intellect, gives a passion for trifles, and chills the natural ardour of the mind for great subjects, great objects, and great endeavours after truth. How constantly, for largeness of view, Rome substitutes a microscopic vision, which sees nothing but insects, and sees them all magnified. Under this melancholy discipline, I can perfectly com-

prehend that there are Papists who believe in the miracles of a wooden Virgin; in the infallibility of a Pope, whose life is a long blunder; or in the universal empire of a sovereign, blockaded by his own people.—*Sermons on Popery.*

The world, through mere familiarity with the habits and doctrines of popery, has lost its astonishment at its tremendous presumption. But if, to-day, for the first time, it were announced to mankind, that there had suddenly appeared in Rome a priest, claiming Infallibility, the right of forgiving all sins, the right of making the Virgin Mary the object of divine worship; the right of making hundreds of dead men objects of divine worship; the right of distributing the thrones of heaven, and of controlling its justice in the world to come; what man in his senses could doubt, that this priest, thus assuming the attributes of God, "showed himself, as God?" Or, if his claim were found to be suddenly acknowledged by all the millions of Europe; if all its kings bowed down to his domination; if they submitted to his dis-

posal of their thrones; if they all alike executed his commands, even to slay tens of thousands of their own subjects, simply for holding the Scriptures as the law of salvation; what man in his senses could doubt, that Europe had been visited by a "strong delusion;" so that they "should believe a *lie*"? Or, if all the Prelacies of all the kingdoms of Christianity should bow the knee to him, as "Head of the Universal Church," a title which can belong to Christ alone; what man in his senses could doubt, that a more subtle and powerful agency than that of man, had thus blinded the intellectual sight of nations? Or, finally, what could invalidate the conclusion, that the prophecy was fulfilled, that the blow was struck, that the Antichrist was come?—*Sermons on Popery.*

TRACTARIANISM.

Tractarianism *must be put down.* In the language of our diocesan its worship is but a "poor imitation" of Rome;—The surplice in the pulpit, as a matter of superior

sanctity: the embroidering of crosses on the surplice; the sacred shudder at the sight of the sacramental elements; the turning of the back to the people; at once show a proneness to Popery, and an utter ignorance of the tenor of Scripture. These things are suffered in the Cathedral Service, because there they are old, and have no secret meaning. The strong objection lies against their new adoption, with a meaning founded on superstition, and directly borrowed from Popery.—*Sermon on Popery.*

If we prohibit the commerce of Rome, we must also prohibit its contraband. If we reject the pomp and paraphernalia of gorgeous Superstition, we will not have its "poor imitation" smuggled in among us. If Tractarianism *cannot* be reclaimed, it must be extinguished. Its Churches must be either purified, or closed. Its *springs* in the Universities cannot be too soon cut off. To this saving measure the Cabinet and the Establishment are equally *pledged*; and the character of both will be involved by delay Thus, some may be dragged out of the Asphaltite

Lake of Rome. If the general body is beyond restoration, *then*, like the corpse, it must be "put out of sight"; it must be buried; it must not be left, to offend the eye, and infect the air; it must be sent to moulder in the kindred corruption of Rome.—*Protestantism contrasted with Popery.*

PAPAL AGGRESSION.

England, an Archiepiscopal Province of Rome! Does not the blood of every man in England boil at the idea? England cut up into quarters like a sheep, for the provision of twelve Papists! England, mapped out like a wilderness at the antipodes, for the settlement of the paupers of Rome! England, the farm-yard of the "lean kine" of Rome!

But, the effrontery of the whole transaction is the most provoking part of all. By whom is this operation, which the world in arms could not effect, to be effected? By the poorest and most powerless being that sits on any Throne of Europe! Here we have a

man who cannot step over the kennel of Roman riot, attempting to ride and rule the ocean of British opinion—a fugitive from his own people—a refugee among strangers—a supplicant living on foreign charity—a King "of shreds and patches," issuing his mandate to an Empire on which the sun never goes down—a man who dares not look out of the windows of the Quirinal without a French sentinel at its door, casting his glance over the possession of the mightiest Kingdom of the Globe—a man driven out by his own people, and brought back only by strangers—brought back, too, over the corpses of his people, and now sitting in a Palace, which in the next twelve hours may be a dungeon, throwing the fetters of his worn-out superstition over the great country of the Gospel; a man whose dominion is circumscribed by the sound of the French drum—a man forced to have ten thousand foreign bayonets, to shelter him from his own citizens—a King of Lilliput in a palace of pigmies! And this is the man who is to level our supremacy, to capture the very fortress of the Reformation, and to play all the caprices of

power in the freest, the boldest, and the most high-spirited nation in the world! The very idea would be inconceivable, if the fact, in all its burlesque, were not before our eyes.—*Speech at Sion College.*

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Look at Ireland! What squandering of the gifts of Providence; what wreck of the health, wealth, strength and mind of a nation! —lying actually within sight of the freest, most opulent, and most powerful country of the earth; possessing great advantages of her own, a fertile soil, a salubrious climate, noble rivers, harbours more numerous than all Europe besides, and all open to the richest of all commerce, the exuberance of the new world; by her position, the natural storehouse of the two Americas; her people of singular intelligence and proverbial intrepidity: yet, still the Lazarus at the gate of Dives! though the former without his patience, and the latter without his insensibility.

Possessing the laws, literature, speech, and above all, the Religion of England; yet still a pauper, and still a parricide! Life less safe than in Siberia; Law almost abandoning its functions, in its helplessness either to protect or punish; Perjury almost a trade; Murder, almost a profession; Conspiracy, almost a normal state of society! Where is the landlord in Ireland who may not be sentenced at the *altar*, and set down in a black list to-night, to be in his grave to-morrow?

Then, look to the contrast:—England, 'like eagles newly-bathed,' compassing the world, with civilization on her wings and the thunderbolt in her talons; Ireland, with her life-blood draining away at every vein, with glazing eye and broken pinion, lying below! —England invigorated by difficulties, striding with a giant's step over all obstacles, and at every step, rising higher, and commanding a broader view of Empire; Ireland craving alms by the way-side.—England defying the storm; Ireland shivering in the sunshine.—England driving her mighty plough through the wastes of the world, and sowing *Nations*; Ireland losing her population day by day,

and seeing her once thronged fields turned into a wilderness!

But, the still more painful sight is, the failure of that intellectual produce, which she once contributed so abundantly to the Empire—the past everywhere rebuking the present! Who can read the records even of her last Parliament without melancholy admiration? What richness of conception, what statesman-like views, what eloquence of the heart, all deepened by the solemn realities of the time;—the funeral orations of their country.

And, what has Popery substituted for them? The vulgarity of faction, the streets for the senate; the pensioner of the rabble for the patriot; the tavern harangue for the magnificent appeal to the reason, morals, and interests of the country: for the old array of her genius, a few dilapidated demagogues, shining only from the darkness of their background, tapers in the charnel; lights of the swamp, in which the true talent of Ireland has sunk; weak and wandering, sure to lead astray, and as sure to vanish at the first dawn of the national understanding.

What is the solution of this singular problem? One word, PROTESTANTISM.

WELLINGTON.

The time is come, when his character may be written; when flattery cannot reach his ear, nor panegyric pain his moderation. After a life of eighty-three years, without a cloud on his matchless qualities, he has passed away, amid the grief, to be numbered among the glories, of Britain.

I draw no comparison between the genius of Wellington, and of Napoleon. Genius is evidently less to be looked on as a fine combination of faculties, than as a faculty by itself; an intellectual wing, an instrument of rising into a region forbidden to the ordinary movements of man. It may be suppressed by want of occasion; but, when the occasion comes, its superiority is felt at once; as visible at first, as at last; not waiting for the tardiness of experience, but taking its place by the instinctive acknowledgment of all.

* * *

Man has no measure for a faculty, which he can neither create nor command. Its strength and splendour are from another source. He might as well measure the difference between two flashes of lightning.

But the true comparison of eminent men is, in the difficulties which they have overcome. On this ground, the question between the two illustrious opponents is decided at once.—Napoleon, a magnificent Despot, at the head of an army of five hundred thousand men, and governing a nation of thirty-three millions, with the Continent in his train; without a voice to control his councils, or an arm to contest his authority!—Wellington, a subordinate, dependant on a succession of contradictory Cabinets, embarrassed by the clamours of faction at home, and by treachery, timidity, and jealousy abroad; with an army never reckoning above twenty-five thousand British,* to oppose to more than one hundred and fifty thousand French, in

* With about the same number of Portuguese and Spanish *recruits*. But Wellington has said—that one old soldier is worth five recruits; and that it takes three campaigns to make a soldier.

possession of the cities, the fortresses, and the thrones of the Peninsula. What contrast can be stronger;—except in the termination of the struggle?

* * *

The writers of France have done themselves infinite dishonour by their efforts to depreciate Wellington. This is impolitic—for, if the conqueror is an idiot, what must be the conquered? To depreciate the victor, doubly depreciates the vanquished. It is also absurd. They charge him with want of activity, of military science, and of enthusiasm in the field.—Want of activity!—in the man who hunted all their armies through the Peninsula, until the chase finished in surrender.—Want of military science!—in the man who surprised, baffled, and stript of all military name, every marshal whom he met, and finally the great maker and master of them all.—Want of enthusiasm! If enthusiasm is to consist in dramatic bulletins and desperate prodigality of blood, in heroism of "ten thousand men a day" and insane enterprises, naturally ending in remediless

ruin; we shall admit that he had no title to the quality.

But, if enthusiasm is to consist in a noble determination for a noble cause; in the conception of great designs, and unshaken perseverance in their pursuit; in full reliance on the principle of his cause: in that force of gallant feeling which among all the obstacles arising from fluctuating ministries, popular discontents, uncertain allies, and the most unexampled pressures of war, still held forth the hope of ultimate success, until he shaped that hope into a glorious reality—in taking the whole weight of the war upon himself—then Wellington was one of the truest enthusiasts that ever lived.

* * *

If we should adopt the image, and regard the French Emperor and the British General as superior existences, commissioned to execute high purposes of evil and good; I know not how we could form a more fearful combination for evil, than in the surpassing intellect, the desperate daring, the restless hatred, and the insatiable ambition of Napoleon; or a more noble and restorative com-

bination, than in the qualities of the man, who has just departed from among us; the surpassing intellect, but always employed in the service of mankind,—the most splendid ability of the conqueror, but without the conqueror's ambition,—the love of fame without the lust of power,—the consciousness of eminence without the indulgence of vanity; the whole inspired by a solemn sense of duty, and that sense carried through a life occupied with the loftiest concerns, and serving the loftiest interests of the world.

ON THE MARTYRDOM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS UNDER NERO, WITH THE SPEECH OF ST. PAUL BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Fear makes the individual feeble; but it makes the multitude ferocious. An universal cry arose for revenge. Great public misfortunes give the opportunity that the passions of men and sects love; and the fiercest crimes of selfishness are justified under the name of retribution.

But the full calamity burst on the Christians, then too new to have fortified themselves in the national prejudices, if they would have suffered the alliance—too poor to reckon on any powerful protectors; and too uncompromising, to palliate their scorn of the whole public system of morals, philosophy, and religion. The emperor, the priesthood, and the populace, conspired against them, and they were ordered to the slaughter. I, too, had my stimulants to hatred. Where was I? In exile, in desperate hazard;—I had been torn from home, robbed of my child, made miserable by the fear of apostasy in my house; and by whom was this comprehensive evil done? The name of Christian was gall to me. I heard of the popular vengeance, and called it justice; I saw the distant fires in which the Christians were consuming, and calculated how many each night of those horrors would abstract from the guilty number. Man becomes cruel by the sight of cruelty; and when thousands and hundreds of thousands were shouting for vengeance, when every face looked fury, and

every tongue was wild with some new accusation, when the great and the little, the philosopher and the ignorant, raised up one roar of reprobation against the Christian, was the solitary man of mercy to be looked for, in one bleeding from head to foot with wrongs irreparable?

On one of those dreadful nights, I was gazing from the house-top on the fire forcing its way through the remaining quarters; the melancholy gleams through the country, showing the extent of the flight; and in the midst of the blackened and dreary wastes of Rome, the spots of livid flame, where the Christians were perishing at the pile; when I was summoned to a consultation below.

A Jew had just brought an imperial edict, proclaiming pardon of all offences, to the discoverer of Christians. I would not have purchased my life by the life of a dog. But my safety was important to the Jewish cause, and I was pressed on every side by arguments on the wisdom, nay, the public duty, of accepting freedom on any terms. And what was to be the price? The life of criminals long obnoxious to the laws, and now stained

beyond mercy. I loathed delay; I loathed Rome; I was wild to return to the great cause of my country, which never could have a fairer hope than now. An emissary was sent out; money soon effected the discovery of a Christian assemblage: I appeared before the prætor with my documents, and brought back in my hand the imperial pardon, given with the greater good-will, as the assemblage chanced to comprehend the chiefs of heresy. They were seized, ordered forthwith to the pile, and I was ordered to be present at this completion of my national service.

The executions were in the gardens of the imperial palace, which had been thrown open by Nero, for the double purpose of popularity, and of indulging himself with the display of death, at the slightest personal inconvenience. The crowd was prodigious, and to gratify the greatest possible number at once, those murders were carried on in different parts of the gardens. In the vineyard, a certain portion were to be crucified; in the orangery, another portion were to be burnt; in the pleasure-ground, another were to be torn by lions and tigers; gladiators were to be let loose;

and when the dusk came on, the whole of the space was to be lighted by human torches, Christians wrapped in folds of linen covered with pitch and bitumen, and thus burning down from the head to the ground.

I was horror-struck; but escape was now impossible; and I must go through the whole hideous round. With my flesh quivering, my ears ringing, my eyes dim, I was forced to see miserable beings, men, nay women, nay infants, sewed up in skins of beasts, and hunted and torn to pieces by dogs; old men, whose hoary hairs might have demanded reverence of savages, scourged, racked, and nailed to the trees to die; lovely young females, creatures of guileless hearts and innocent beauty, flung on flaming scaffolds. And this was the work of man, civilised man, in the highest civilisation of the arts, the manners, and the learning of the pagan world!

But, the grand display was prepared for the time, when those Christians, who had been denounced on my discovery, were to be executed; an exhibition at which the Emperor himself announced his intention to

be present. The great Circus was no more; but the temporary amphitheatre had been erected, in which the usual games were exhibited during the early part of the day. At the hour of my arrival, the low bank circling this immense enclosure was filled with the first names of Rome, knights, patricians, senators, military tribunes, consuls; the Emperor alone was wanting to complete the representative majesty of the empire. I was to form a part of the ceremony, and the guard who had me in charge cleared the way to a conspicuous place, where my national dress fixed every eye on me.

Several Christians had perished before my arrival. Their remains lay on the ground, and in their midst stood the man who was to be the next victim. By what influence I know not, but never did I see a human being, who made on me so deep an impression. I have him before me at this instant.

The victims had been generally offered life for recantation; and this man was giving his reply.

I see the figure; low, yet with an air of nobleness; stooped a little with venerable

age; but the countenance, full of life, and marked with all the traits of intellectual power, the strongly aquiline nose, the bold lip, the large and rapid eye; the whole man conveying the idea of an extraordinary permanence of early vigour under the weight of labour, or of years. Even the hair was thick and black, with scarcely a touch of silver. If the place and time were Athens, and the era of Demosthenes, I should have said that Demosthenes stood before me. The vivid action; the flashing rapidity with which he seized a new idea, and compressed it to his purpose; the impetuous argument that, throwing off the formality of logic, smote with the strength of a new fact, were Demosthenaic. Even a certain infirmity of utterance, and an occasional slight difficulty of words, added to the likeness; but there was a hallowed glance, and a solemn, yet tender reach of thought, interposed among those intense appeals, that asserted the sacred superiority of the subject and the man.

He was already speaking, when I reached the scene of terrors. I can but give an outline of his language.

He pointed to the headless bodies round him.

"For what have these my brethren died? Answer me, priests of Rome; what temple did they force — what altar overthrow — what insults offer to the slightest of your public celebrations? Judges of Rome, what offence did they commit against the public peace? Consuls, where were they found in rebellion against the Roman majesty? People of Rome! who among your thousands can charge one of these holy dead with extortion, impurity, or violence; can charge them with anything but the patience that bore wrong without a murmur, and the charity that answered torture only by prayer?"

He then touched upon the nature of his faith.

"Do I stand here demanding to be believed, for opinions? No; but, for facts. I have seen the sick made whole, the lame walk, the blind receive their sight, by the mere name of Him whom you crucified. I have seen men, once ignorant of all languages but their own, speaking with the language of

every nation under heaven — the still greater wonder, of the timid defying all fear, the unlearned instantly made wise in the mysteries of things divine and human, the peasant, putting to shame the learned — awing the proud — enlightening the darkened; alike in the courts of kings, before the furious people, and in the dungeon, armed with an irrepressible spirit of knowledge, reason, and truth, that confounded their adversaries. I have seen the still greater wonder, of the renewed heart; the impure, suddenly abjuring vice; the covetous, the cruel, the faithless, the godless, gloriously changed into the holy, the gentle, the faithful, worshippers of the true God in spirit and in truth — the conquest of the passions which defied your philosophers, your tribunals, your rewards, and your terrors, achieved in the one mighty name. Those are facts, things which I have seen with these eyes: and who that had seen them could doubt that the finger of God was there? Dared I refuse my belief to the divine mission of the being, by whom, and even in memory of whom, things baffling the proudest human means were wrought

before my senses! Irresistibly compelled by facts to believe that Christ was sent by God, I was, with equal force, compelled to believe in the doctrines declared by that glorious revealer of the King alike of quick and dead. And, thus I stand before you this day, at the close of a long life of labour and love,—a Christian."

This appeal to the understanding, divested as it was of all studied ornament, was listened to by the immense multitude with the most unbroken interest. It was delivered with the strong simplicity of conviction. He then spoke of the Founder of his faith.

"Men may be insane for opinions; but who can be insane for facts? The coming of Christ was prophesied a thousand years before!

"From the beginning of his ministry, he lived wholly before the eyes of mankind. His life corresponds with the prophecies in circumstances totally beyond human conjecture, contrivance, or power. The virgin mother, the village in which he was born, the lowliness of his cradle, the worship paid to him there, the hazard of his life — all were

predicted. Could the infant have shaped the accomplishment of those predictions?—The death that he should die, the hands by which it was to be inflicted, even the draught that he should drink, the raiment that he should be clothed in, and the sepulchre in which he should be laid, were predicted.—Could the man have shaped their accomplishment?—The time of his resting in the tomb; his resurrection; his ascent to heaven; the sending of the Holy Spirit after he was gone; all were predicted! all were beyond human collusion, human power, even beyond human thought, all were accomplished! Is not here the finger of God!

"Those things, too, were universally known to the nation, most competent to detect collusion. Did Christ come to Rome, where every new religion finds adherents, and where all pretensions might be advanced without fear; where a deceiver might have quoted prophecies that never existed, and vaunted of wonders done, where there was no eye to detect them? No! his life was spent in Judea. He made his appeal to the Scriptures, in a country where they were in the hands

of the nation. His miracles were wrought before the eyes of a priesthood, that watched him step by step; his doctrines were spoken, not to the mingled multitude of men, holding a thousand varieties of opinion, and careless of all; but to an exclusive race, subtle in their inquiries, eager in their zeal, and proud of their peculiar possession of divine knowledge.

"Yet, against his life, his miracles, or his doctrine, what charge could they bring? None. There is not a single stigma on the purity of his conduct; the power of his wonder-working control over man and nature; the holiness, wisdom, and grandeur, of his views of Providence; the truth, charity, and meekness of his counsels to man. Their single source of hatred was the pride of worldly hearts, that expected a king, where they were to have found a teacher.

"They crucified him; he died in prayer, that his murderers might be forgiven; and his prayer was mightily answered. He had scarcely risen to his eternal throne, when thousands believed, and were forgiven. To Him be the glory, for ever and ever!"

All this was heard in wonder. I could see eyes lifted to heaven, and lips as if moved in prayer!

"Compare him with your legislators. He gives the spirit of all law in a single sentence —'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' Compare him with your priesthood. He gives a single prayer, containing the substance of all that man can rationally implore of Heaven. Compare him with your moralists; he lays the foundation of virtue in love to God! Compare him with your sages. He leads a life of privation without a murmur: he dies a death of shame, desertion, and agony; and his last breath is mercy! Compare him with your conquerors. Without the shedding of a drop of blood, he has already conquered hosts that would have resisted all the swords of earth, hosts of stubborn passions, cherished vices, guilty perversions of the powers and faculties of man. In proof of all.—Look on those glorious dead, whom I shall join before the set of yonder sun. Yes, martyrs of God! ye were his conquests; and ye, too, are more than conquerors, through him that loved us,

and gave himself for us. But, a triumph shall come, magnificent and terrible, when all eyes shall behold him; and the tribes of the earth, even they who pierced him, shall mourn."

Some raged; more listened, many wept. He spoke with still loftier energy.

"Then, rejoice, ye dead! for ye shall rise; ye shall be clothed with glory; ye shall be as the angels, bright and powerful, immortal, intellectual kings! 'For though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'"—He paused, as if he saw the vision.

The sky was cloudless; the sun was in the west, but shining in his broadest beams; the whole space before me was flooded with his light; when, as I gazed upon the martyr, I saw a gleam issue from his upturned face; it increased to brightness, to radiance, to an intense lustre, that made the sunlight utterly pale. All was astonishment in the amphitheatre, but all was awe.

The old man seemed unconscious of the wonder that invested him. He continued with his open hands lifted up, and his eyes fixed on Heaven. The glory spread over his

form; and he stood before us robed in an effulgence, which shot from him, like a living fount of splendour, round the colossal circle. Yet, the blaze, though it looked the very essence of light, was strangely translucent; we could see with undazzled eyes every feature; and whether it was the working of my overwhelmed mind, or a true change, the countenance appeared to have passed at once from age to youth. A lofty joy, a look of supernal grandeur, a magnificent, yet etherial beauty, had transformed the features of the old man, into the likeness of the winged sons of Immortality!

He spoke again; and the first sound of his voice thrilled through every bosom, and made every man start from his seat.

"Men and brethren! it is the desire of your Father, that all should be saved—Jew and Gentile alike; for with him there is no respect of persons. He is the Father of all! Christianity is not a philosophic dream, but a divine command—the summons of the God of gods, that you should accept his mercy—the opening of the gates of an eternal world! It is not a call to the practice of barren

virtue, but a declaration of reward, mightier than the imagination of man can conceive. Would you be immortals—would you be glorious as the stars of heaven — would you possess eternal faculties of happiness, supremacy, and knowledge? Ask for forgiveness of your evil, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth! What is easier than the price? —what more transcendant than the reward? Who shall tell the limit of the risen soul? what resistless power — what more than regal majesty — what celestial beauty may be in his frame! — what expansion of intellect — what overflowing tides of new sensation — what shapes of loveliness—what radiant stores of thought, and mysteries of exhaustless knowledge, may be treasured for him! what endless ascent through new ranks of being, each as much more glorious than the last, as the risen Spirit is above man! — For, what can be the limit to the power of God to make those happy, glorious, and mighty, whom he will! — For, what can be the bound to the fellow-heirs with Christ, their leader in trial, their leader in triumph! Omnipotence for their protector, for their friend, for their

Father! He who gave to us his own Son, will he not with him give us all things!"

The voice sank into prayer.

"King of kings! if through a long life I have laboured in thy cause, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; thine alone be the praise, who hast brought me through them all, with a strong hand and an outstretched arm. And now, Lord! thou who shalt change my vile body into the likeness of thy glorious body, be with thy servant in this last hour!—Saviour and God! receive my spirit; that where Thou art, even I may be with thee!"

He was silent: the splendour gradually passed away from his form; and he knelt upon the sand, bowing down his neck to receive the blow.

But, to lift a hand against such a being seemed now an act of profanation. The axe-bearer dared not approach. The spectators

sat hushed in involuntary homage. Not a word, not a gesture, broke the silence of involuntary veneration.

At length, a flourish of distant trumpets was heard. Cavalry galloped forward, announcing the Emperor; and Nero, habited as a charioteer in the games, drove his gilded car into the arena. The Christian had risen; and, with his hands clasped upon his breast, was awaiting death. Nero cast the headsman an execration at his tardiness; the axe swept round; and when I glanced again, the old man lay beside his brethren!

This man I had sacrificed. My heart smote me: I would have fled the place of blood, but I was in the midst of guards · more of my victims were to be slain; and I must be the shrinking witness of all.

A LION FIGHT IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

The gate of the den was now thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again, it was covered with blood, and

a howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible; and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they fell and rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose his hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage

yelled, and spouting out blood, fled bellowing round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane; and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose, to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible; and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way; and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

I see the court of the Gentiles circling the whole; a fortress of the purest marble, with its wall rising six hundred feet from the valley; its kingly entrance, worthy of the fame of Solomon; its innumerable and stately dwellings for the priests and officers of the temple, and above them, glittering like a succession of diadems, those alabaster porticoes and colonnades in which the chiefs and sages of Jerusalem sat teaching the people, or walked, breathing the pure air, and gazing on the grandeur of a landscape which swept the whole amphitheatre of the

mountains. I see, rising above this stupendous boundary, the court of the Jewish women separated by its porphyry pillars and richly-sculptured wall; above this, the separated court of the men; still higher, the court of the priests; and highest, the crowning splendour of all, the central TEMPLE, the place of the Sanctuary, and of the Holy of Holies, covered with plates of gold, its roof planted with lofty spear-heads of gold, the most precious marbles and metals everywhere flashing back the day, till Mount Moriah stood forth to the eye of the stranger approaching Jerusalem, what it had been so often described by its bards and people, "a mountain of snow studded with jewels."

The grandeur of the worship was worthy of this glory of architecture. Four-and-twenty thousand Levites ministered by turns —a thousand at a time. Four thousand more performed the lower offices. Four thousand singers and minstrels, with the harp, the trumpet, and all the richest instruments of a land whose native genius was music, and whose climate and landscape led men instinctively to delight in the charm of

sound, chaunted the inspired songs of our warrior-king, and filled up the pauses of prayer with harmonies that transported the spirit beyond the cares and passions of a troubled world.

RETURN OF THE JEWISH ARMY TO JERUSALEM.

But the symptoms of the enemy soon became thicker. We found the ruined cottage, the torn-up garden, the burnt orchard; those habitual evidences of the camp. As we advanced, the tracks of waggons and of the huge wheels of the military engines were fresh in the grass, and from time to time some skeleton of a beast of burden, or some half-covered wreck of man, showed that desolation had walked there; the cavalry soon showed themselves on the heights in larger bodies; but, all was forgotten in the sight that at length rose upon the horizon; we beheld, bathed in the richest glow of a summer's eve, the summits of the mountains round Jerusalem, and, glorious above them like another sun, the golden beauty of the Temple of temples!

What Jew ever saw that sight, but with homage of heart? Fine fancies may declaim of the rapture of returning to one's country, after long years. Rapture! to find ourselves in a land of strangers, ourselves forgotten, our early scenes so changed, that we can scarcely retrace them, filled up with new faces, or with the old so worn by time and care, that we read in them nothing but the emptiness of human hope; the whole world new, frivolous, and contemptuous of our feelings. Where is the mother, the sister, the woman of our heart? we find their only memorials among the dead, and bitterly feel that our true country is the tomb!

But, the return to Zion was not of the things of this world. The Jew saw before him the city of prophecy and power. Mortal thoughts, individual sorrows, the melancholy experiences of human life, had no place among the mighty hopes that gathered over it like angel's wings. Restoration, boundless empire, imperishable glory, were the writing upon its bulwarks. It stood before him the Universal City, whose gates were to be open for the reverence of all time; the symbol to the

earth of the returning presence of the Great King; the promise to the Jew of an empire, triumphant over the casualties of nations, the crimes of man, and even the all-grasping avarice of the grave.

The multitude prostrated themselves; then rising, broke forth into the glorious hymn, sung by the tribes on their journeys to the Temple.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, the mountain of his holiness.

"Beautiful, the joy of the earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the Great King!

"God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

"We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

"Walk about Zion, tell the towers thereof. Mark ye her bulwarks, consider her palaces. For her God is our God, for ever and ever: he will be our guide in death; his praise is to the ends of the earth. Glory to the King of Zion."

The harmony of the adoring myriads rose sweet and solemn upon the air; the sky was

a canopy of sapphire; the breeze rich with the evening flowers; Jerusalem before me! I felt as if the covering of my mortal nature were about to be cast away, and my spirit to go forth, on a bright and boundless career of fortune.

But, recollections, never to be subdued, saddened my memory of the Temple; and when the first influence of the homage passed, I turned from the sight of what was to me the eternal monument of the heaviest crime of man. I gave one parting glance, as day died upon the spires.

The following poems are very characteristic of Dr. Croly's fine poetical imagination:—

THE LAST DAY OF JERUSALEM.

Flow on, for Zion—flow, my tears—
Thou sepulchre of sepulchres
Thy glory but a gorgeous dream,
Thy strength, a wasted summer stream;
Thy turban cloven on the ground,
With all its jewels scattered round.
Age upon age, Captivity
Sits brooding on thy leafless tree;

And where its branching glory stood,
Is shame, and agony, and blood.
From morn to eve, Rome's iron tide
Had dashed on Zion's haughty side;
From morn to eve, the arrowy shower
Rained on her ranks from wall and tower.
Now rose the shout of Israel;
Now, like the sea's returning swell,
Rushed up the Mount the Roman charge,
Again beat back by Judah's targe;
Strewing with helm and shield the hill;
All wearied, but th' unconquered will.

'Twas eve, and still was fought the field,
Where none could win, and none would yield;
Beneath the twilight's deepening shade
Echoed the clash of blade on blade.
Still rushing through the living cloud,
Its path the Lion-banner ploughed;
And still the Eagle's fiery wing
Seemed from the living cloud to spring;
Till Rome's retiring trump was blown,
Answered by shouts from Zion's throne.
That day the Roman learned to feel
The biting of the Jewish steel.

'Twas night. The sounds of earth were hushed,
Save where the palace-fountains gushed;
Or from the myrtle-breathing vale,
Sung, to the stars, the nightingale.
Splendid the scene, and sweet the hour!

The moonbeam silvered tent and tower,
Touched into beauty grove and rill,
And crowned with lustre Zion's hill.
All loveliness, but where the gaze
Shrank from the Roman camp-fire's blaze;
All peaceful beauty, but where frowned,
Omen of woe, the Roman mound!

'Twas midnight; ceased the heavy jar
Of rampart-chain and portal-bar;
That hour of doom, on Zion's wall
No warrior's foot was heard to fall;
No murmur of the mighty camp,
No cohort's tread, no charger's champ,
Gave sign that Earth was living still;
All hushed, as by a mightier Will;
Ev'n wounds that wring, and eyes that weep,
Were bound in one resistless sleep:
Silence of silence, all around;
Hushed as the grave—a death of sound!

What visioned forms, like things of dreams,
Or like the Pole's phosphoric streams,
Or the wan clouds of winter's even,
Now marshal on the fields of Heaven,
There gleam, in clouds of spectral light,
The camp, the mound, th' embattled height;
There moves the legion's brazen line;
Ill-omened Israel, where is thine?
Rolls up the visioned mount the charge;
But where the turban and the targe?

The cohort climbs the visioned tower.
Yet sweeps its ranks no arrowy shower ;
Pale flames from visioned altars rise ;
Israel, art thou the sacrifice !

But sudden roars the thunder-peal,
The forests on the mountains reel,
And, like the burst of mountain springs,
Is heard a rush of mighty wings !
And voices sweet of love and woe,
(Love, such as Spirits only know),
Swell from the Temple's cloisters dim,
A mingled chaunt of dirge and hymn ;
Like grief, when help and hope have fled,
Like anguish o'er the dying bed ;
Like pulses of a breaking heart :
" We must depart ! we must depart !"
And grandly o'er Moriah's height,
Encanopied in living light,
Rose to that chaunt of dirge and hymn
The squadrons of the Seraphim.
From Carmel's shore to Hebron's chain,
Shone in that splendour hill and plain ;
Still starlike seemed the orb to soar,
Then all was night, and sleep once more.

But whence has come that sudden flash,
And whence the shout, and whence the clash ?
The Legions scale the Temple wall !
Its startled warriors fly or fall.

Now swells the carnage, wild and wide;
Now dies the bridegroom by the bride;
Peasant and noble, parent, child,
In heaps of quivering carnage piled;
On golden roof, on cedar floor,
Still flames the torch, still flows the gore;
Hour of consummate agony,
When nations, God-deserted, die!

Yet still the native dirk and knife
Wrung blood for blood, and life for life.
The priest, as to the veil he clung,
With dying hand the javelin flung;
The peasant on the Roman sprang,
Armed but with panther's foot and fang,
From his strong grasp the falchion tore,
And dyed it in the robber's gore.
That night who fought, that night who fell,
No eye might see, no tongue might tell;
That sanguine record must be read
But when the grave gives up its dead;
Then Judah's heart of pride was tame;
The rest was sorrow, slavery, shame!
—JERUSALEM A NAME!

MALACHI.

A SOUND on the rampart,
A sound at the gate!
I hear the roused lioness
Howl to her mate:

In the thicket, at midnight,
They crouch for the prey,
That shall glut their red jaws,
At the rising of day.
For wrath is descending
On Zion's proud tower;
It shall come like a cloud,
It shall wrap like a shroud,
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps
In a sulphurous shower.

For, behold! the day cometh,
When all shall be flame,
Thy robe shall be sackcloth,
Thy glory be shame.
When thy tree by the lightnings
From Earth shall be riven,
When thy bark o'er the billows
Of death shall be driven;
When the oven, unkindled
By mortal, shall burn,
And, like chaff, thou shalt glow
In that furnace of woe,
And, dust as thou art,
Thou to dust shalt return.

Thou shalt die, and yet know not
The rest of the grave;
Thou shalt live, and yet live
To be only a slave!

Thou shalt die, and yet shrink
At thy conqueror's tread;
Thou shalt live, yet the sword
With thy carnage be fed!
The pilgrim of nations!
Still destined to roam,
On thy neck, on thy brain,
Still feeling the chain,
And, though wandering through Earth,
Never finding a home!

As the surges of war
O'er Earth's diadems roll,
Still, Judah, the iron
Shall enter thy soul;
The Eagle, the Cross,
And the Crescent, shall shine,
But, Earth shall awake
To no banner of thine!
Thy morning in sorrow,
Thy evening in fear.
They shall rise, they shall fall,
Thou the serf of them all!
Thy haunt be the dungeon,
Thy bed be the bier.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul!
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll;

No starlight shall pierce
  Through that life-chilling haze;
No torch from the roof
  Of the Temple shall blaze.
But, when Israel is buried
  In final despair,
From a height o'er all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Her Sun shall arise,
  Her Redeemer be there!

Who rushes from Heaven?
  The Angel of Wrath!
The whirlwind his wing,
  And the lightning his path;
His hand is uplifted,
  It carries a sword;
'Tis ELIJAH! he heralds
  The march of his Lord!
Sun! sink in eclipse,
  Earth, Earth, shalt thou stand,
When the cherubim wings
Bear the King of all kings.
Woe, woe to the Ocean,
  Woe, woe to the Land.

Then the sparkles of flame,
  From His chariot-wheels hurled,
Shall smite the crowned brow
  Of the God of this World;

Then, captive of ages !
  The trumpet shall thrill
From the lips of the Seraph,
  On Zion's proud hill !
For, vestured in glory,
  Thy Monarch shall come,
And from dungeon and cave
Shall ascend the pale slave ;
Lost Judah shall rise,
  Like the soul from the tomb !

'Tis the day long foretold,
  'Tis the judgment begun ;
Gird Thy sword, Thou most Mighty,
  Thy triumph is won ;
The idol shall burn
  In his own gory shrine,
Then, daughter of anguish,
  Thy dayspring shall shine !
Loved Zion, thy vale
  With the vineyard shall bloom,
And the musk-rose distil
Its sweet dews on thy hill ;
For Earth is restored—
  The Great Kingdom is come !

THE PROPHECY OF JERUSALEM.

'Twas Eve on Jerusalem !
  Glorious its glow,
On the vine-covered plain,
  On the Mount's marble brow ;
On the Temple's broad grandeur,
  Enthroned on its height,
Like a golden-domed isle
  In an ocean of light;
And the voice of her multitude
  Rose on the air,
From the vale deep and dim,
Like a rich evening hymn.
But, whence comes that cry ?
  'Tis the cry of despair !

Who stands upon Zion ?
  The Prophet of Woe !
His frame worn with travel,
  His locks, living snow.
His hand grasps a trumpet.
Its sound gives a thrill
To each heart of the thousands !
The life-blood runs chill,
At that death-sounding blast !

All fixing their gaze,
Where, like one from the tomb,
The shroud seems to swim
Round the long, spectral limb,
And the ashy lip quivers
With judgment to come.

"Thou'rt lovely, Jerusalem;
Lovely, yet stained;
A queen among nations,
Yet thou shalt be chained.
Thou'rt magnificent, Zion.
Yet thou shalt be lone.
The pilgrim of sorrow!
I see thy last stone.

"Hark, hark to the tempest!
What roar fills mine ear?
'Tis the shout of the warrior,
The storm of the spear.
The eagle and wolf
On that tempest are rolled,
Twin demons of havoc,
To ravage thy fold.

"They rush through the land,
As through forests the fire;
Woe, woe to the infant,
Woe, woe to the sire.

Rejoice for the warrior
  Who sinks to the grave;
But weep for the living,
  A ransomless slave!

"But veiled be mine eyeballs,
  The red torch is flung,
And the last dying hymn
  Of the temple is sung;
The altar is vanished,
  The glory is gone.
The vial is poured,
  The high vengeance is done!

"Again all is silence,
  But still the death-pall,
The flag of the Roman,
  Is hung from the wall.
But the archers are coming,
  Their shafts hide the heaven,
And the eagle's proud breast
  By the Persian is riven.

"Hark! a sound from the south,
  'Tis the echo of doom,
It comes from the desert,
  The living Simoom!

As fierce as its sun,
And as wild as its sand;
'Tis Amrou and his Saracens,
Curse of the land!

"Like the swamp-gendered hornets,
They rush on the wing,
By thousands of thousands,
With death in their sting.
Like vultures, they sweep
O'er Moriah's loved hill,
And the corpse-covered valley
Of Cedron's red rill.

"Like the clouds on the mountains,
Like waves on the shore,
On sweep the swift chargers,
Whose hoof is in gore;
And Israel has fled
To the hill and the cave;
With slavery behind her,
Before her the grave.

"And the clashing of lances
And shaking of reins,
Are the sounds of the morning
On Galilee's plains;

And the desert tambour,
And the desert-horn shrill,
Are the sounds of the sunset
On Zion's loved hill.

"Where, where sleeps the thunderbolt?
Heaven! hear the cries
Of the Ishmaelite slave,
To his Prophet of lies;
Hear the howl to his demons,
His frenzy of prayer;
And, hear Israel's lament
Of disdain and despair!

"It has come! In the saddle
The robber has reeled,
And the turbans are floating
In blood on the field.
I see the proud Chiefs
Of the Cross in their mail;
And my soul loves the standard
They spread to the gale.

"Stay, vision of splendour!
On Jordan's broad marge,
They rush to the battle,
Earth shakes with their charge.

Like lightning the blaze
From their panoply springs;
I see the gold helms
And crowned banners of Kings.

"Yet, evil still smites thee,
Thou daughter of tears!
No trophy is thine,
In the shock of the spears.
The stately Crusader,
And Saracen lord,
But give thee the choice
Of the chain, or the sword!

"Again all is silence,
The long grass has grown
Where the cross-bearer sleeps,
In his rich-sculptured stone;
And the land trod by prophet,
And chanted by bard,
Is left to the foot
Of the wolf and the pard.

"But who ride the whirlwind?
The drinkers of blood.
From the summit of Lebanon
Rushes the flood.

'Tis the Turcoman, hovering
For slaughter and spoil.
O helpless gazelle!
Thou art *now* in the toil!

"King of kings! on our neck
Sits the slave of a slave,
As wild as his mountains,
As cold as our grave;
All his sceptre the scourge,
All our freedom his will.
Yet thy children must tremble,
Must agonise still.

"Fly swift, ye dark years!
Still the savage is there;
The tiger of nations
Is couched in his lair.
The field is a thicket,
The city a heap,
And Israel on earth
Can but wander and weep.

"King of kings! shall she die?
Hark! a trumpet afar;
It pierces my soul,
Yet no trumpet of war.

I hear the deep trampling
Of millions of feet,
And the shoutings of millions,
Yet solemn and sweet.

"Now the voices of thunders
Are calling on high,
The pomp has begun,
The Redemption is nigh.
I see the crowned fathers,
The prophets of fire,
And the martyrs, whose souls
Shot to Heaven from the pyre.

"Who comes in His glory,
Pavilioned in cloud?
Judah, cast off thy shame!
Israel, spring from thy shroud!
Thy King has avenged thee,
He comes to His own;
With earth for His empire,
And Zion His throne."

BELSHAZZAR.

On the rushing, mighty river,
On the wide, night-covered plain,
Sounds the rattling of the quiver,
Sounds the trump—then dies again.

There, in numbers without number,
Persia's hordes are pouring on.
Thou hast slept thy final slumber,
God-defying Babylon!

On the city's thousand towers
Blaze a thousand festal fires!
Squandering his hour of hours,
Guilty son of guilty sires,
There Belshazzar, with his lords,
To the timbrel's silvery chime,
Shoutings wild, and clash of swords,
Holds high feast to Baalim.

Tyrant, thou art in thy glory,
Asia's treasures round thee blaze,
Princes proud, and sages hoary,
Like a god upon thee gaze;
Harmonies around thee winging;
Beauty in her brightest bloom
To thy golden footstool clinging.
Yet, that throne shall be thy tomb!

Hark! what sudden burst of thunder
Shakes the hall, and heaves the ground!
All are hushed in fear and wonder;
There is *judgment* in the sound!

Conscience-struck, the crowned blasphemer,
Wild and wilder quaffs the wine:
"Shall I turn a coward dreamer,
When the living world is mine!"

"Bring the golden cups!" he cries,
"Purchased by my father's sword.
"High to Baal fill the prize,
"Spite of Israel and his Lord!"
Still, with mortal anguish saddening,
Pledged he round his nobles all.
Ha! but are his senses maddening?
Clouds have filled the mighty hall!

Tyrant! now is run thy sand!
Tyrant! now is wove thy shroud!
Sees he now a giant hand,
Darting from a fiery cloud;
Through the midnight, murky air,
Flashing ghastly on the throne,
Like a comet's blasting glare,
MENE, TEKEL, PEREZ, shone.

Now is heard his cry of terror:
"Bring the Priest, and bring the Seer!"
Crowding came, with magic mirror,
Cyphered scroll, and mystic sphere,

All the sons of Sorcery!
With the Idol in their van;
Dark Egyptian, wild Chaldee,
Rushing on with shout and ban.

Now the human victims lie,
Embers in the altar's blaze;
Now, the priests of blasphemy,
Whirling, dance in mystic maze.
Vain the dance, the blood, the spell!
Still, upon the burning stone
Glares the fearful oracle,
Still untold, unread, unknown!

"Let the foul impostors die!"
Swells the roar from prince and slave.
But, before their startled eye,
Like a vision from the grave,
Comes the man of Israel.
Still the fetters round him cling,
Yet his words, like arrows fell—
Woe to people, woe to king!

"Number, number, weight, and measure!
"Thou art numbered, weighed, undone.
"Life and empire, blood and treasure,
"All are lost, and all are won."

Instant on the dazzling wall
Stooped the cloud's supernal gloom,
Instant on the mighty hall
Sat the darkness of the tomb!

Then the thunder pealed again,
But came, mingled with its roar,
Clang of cymbals, shouts of men.
From Euphrates' hollow shore
Comes the rushing charioteer;
Showers the torch on shrine and throne.
Dark Belshazzar, lie thou there!
PERSIA tramples Babylon!

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

"OLD Rabbi, what tales dost thou pour in mine ear,
What visions of glory, what phantoms of fear."
Of a God, all the Gods of the Roman above,
A mightier than Mars, a more ancient than Jove.

"Let me see but his splendours, I then shall believe.
'Tis the senses alone that can never deceive.
But show me your Idol, if earth be his shrine,
And your Israelite God shall, old dreamer, be mine!"

It was Trajan that spoke, and the stoical sneer
Still played on his features, sublime and severe,
For, round the wide world, that stooped to his throne,
He knew but one God, and himself was that one!

"The God of our forefathers," low bowed the Seer,
"Is unseen by the eye, is unheard by the ear;
He is Spirit, and knows not the body's dark chain;
Immortal His nature, eternal His reign.

"He is *seen* in His power, when the storm is
abroad;
In His justice, when guilt by His thunders is awed;
In His mercy, when mountain and valley and plain
Rejoice in His sunshine, and smile in His rain."

"Those are dreams," said the monarch, "wild fancies
of old;
But, what God can I worship, when none I behold?
Can I kneel to the lightning, or bow to the wind?
Can I worship the shape, that but lives in the
mind?"

"I shall show thee the herald He sends from His
throne."
Through the halls of the palace the Rabbi led on,
Till above them was spread but the sky's sapphire
doom,
And, like surges of splendour, beneath them lay
Rome.

And towering o'er all, in the glow of the hour,
The Capitol shone, Earth's high centre of power:
A thousand years glorious, yet still in its prime;
A thousand years more, to be conqueror of Time.

But the West was now purple, the eve was begun;
Like a monarch at rest, on the hills lay the sun;
Above him the clouds their rich canopy rolled,
With pillars of diamond, and curtains of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture was turned to the orb:
"O King! let that glory thy worship absorb!"—
"What, worship that sun, and be blind by the gaze?
No eye but the eagle's could look on that blaze."—

"Ho! Emperor of Earth, if it dazzles thine eye
To look on that orb, as it sinks from the sky,"
Cried the Rabbi, "what mortal could dare but to see
The Sovereign of him, and the Sovereign of thee!"

HYMN OF THE MARTYRS.

LORD of the Heavens! Earth's King of kings!
Whose nature and whose name is Love,
Thou, throned upon the Angel's wings,
Saviour, in whom we live and move!

How long shall stream the tear,
That streams to Thee alone?
How long our bosoms bear
Their Cross before Thy throne?
Hear us, and help—Thou Holy One!

For not with flesh and blood we war,
But with Thy mighty Unforgiven!
Their leader, once the Morning Star—
Their legions, once the sons of Heaven.
Even Thou has felt their power—
Thou of the thorn-crowned brow;
The dark, soul-struggling hour,
The mockery, the blow,
The vast variety of mortal woe.

Yes! thou Eternal Majesty!
With bowed and broken hearts we come,
And humbled glance, and bended knee;
Pale pilgrims of a world of gloom!
Behold our altar-fires,
Behold us on them lay
Earth's dreams and low desires;
And long to rend away
Our robe of sorrow, sin, and clay.

When shall we wear the Angel-crown,
When shall we wave the Angel-wing?
When cast our starry chaplets down
In joy before our Saviour-King?
Descend, all glorious One!
Be Satan downward hurled,
Be Earth no more his throne;
Be Death's dark banner furled—
Come, Monarch of Thy ransomed world.

REMEMBRANCE.

Shall mortals murmur at the grave?
I weep, I worship, and obey!
When all a Father's mercy gave,
A father's wisdom takes away.
Still live the fine, fond ties that bind
The heart to heart, the mind to mind.

The thoughts that fill the eyes with tears,
The hours of consecrated love,
The tried companionship of years,
The hope, again to meet above;
Can those be only things of air?
To doubt—were doubly anguish there.

If Memory, busy Memory,
  Still gives the accents to our ear;
Still brings the form before our eye,
  All that we loved to see, and hear—
    The look, the voice, the step, so *known*,
    We scarcely can believe them—gone!

The fond contrivances to please;
  The Art, divested of all art,
To set the anxious mind at ease;
  The heroism of the heart;
    The sunshine of life's wintry day:
    Those cannot, cannot pass away!

If Heaven has glorious mysteries,
  Truths, triumphs, only known above,
Too dazzling for our mortal eyes,
  The mighty miracles of LOVE!
    Shall the pure Spirit only soar,
    (All love on earth) to love no more?

If Friendship, beyond Mount or Main,
  Still treasures all that once was dear,
And those it ne'er may see again,
  Awake the wish, awake the tear.
    What art thou, dread ETERNITY,
    But loftier Mount, and broader Sea!

THE VISION OF GOD.

GOD! when I think upon Thy name,
No doubts before my spirit rise;
I hear all Nature's voice proclaim,
That Thou art great, and good, and wise.
Yet would I, if it were Thy will,
See Thy bright Image, brighter still.

The wandering eyes, the wandering ears,
The ill, "sufficient to the day,"
(Thing of temptation and of tears;
Thine old inheritance of clay!)
On Man's weak spirit fix their chain,
And drag him down to earth again.

Give me the strong realities;
(I know not how to form the prayer),
Of Angels' thoughts and Angels' eyes!
Or if that be too high to dare,
Oh! mould me to Thy mighty will,
"To commune with Thee, and be still."

If Israel longed to see Thy face,
While roared the thunders of the Law;
Shall we, who know Thee, God of Grace,
Shrink from Thy countenance in awe?
While Saints below, and Thrones above,
Proclaim Thy mightiest title, LOVE!

Impress Thy image on my mind;
Let me but see Thee as Thou art;
If mortal eyes at best are blind,
Let me behold Thee with my heart.
In Mercy and in Love be nigh,
Oh! visit Thou, my mental eye!

But rest, thou ever restless soul!
Thy feverish hours are flying fast;
The clouds before thee shall unroll,
The glorious vision shine at last;
And thou, without a shade between,
Shalt see, as thou thyself art seen!

A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold;
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the warrior and the king,
Side by side, lie withering:
Glory, but a broken bust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with the sleepers sleep;
Prince and peasant, lord and slave,
Moving onward, wave on wave,
Till they reach the sullen shore,
Where their murmurings are o'er.
Here the spade, and sceptre, rust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But, a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last—
ALL shall see the Judgment-Sign,
On the clouds the CROSS shall shine;
Angel-myriads on the wing;
Earth up-gazing on its King;
Heaven revealed to mortal sight,
Earth enshrined in living light;
Kingdom of the ransomed Just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall dawn immortal day,
Death and Sin no more have sway;
Then shall in the Desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great Garden of her God.

Earth no more the vale of tears,
Satan chained a thousand years.
Now in hope of HIM we trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

MAN.

THE EYE, the glorious eye!
What lie beneath its splendid sweep?
All bright, all deep, all high,
Broad Ocean, Alpine steep,
Night's grandeur, morning's rosy dye,
The hues that on the evening waters sleep;
All beauty, might, and majesty,
Bright orb, all lie within thy splendid sweep.

The HEART, the glowing heart!
What lie within its mystic cells?
Visions that shame the painter's art,
Deep thoughts, that only silence tells.
Stings, like the Indian's poisoned dart,
That kill unseen. Delicious spells!
Love fixed, till life itself depart;
Fond thing, all lie within thy mystic cells.

The MIND, the mighty mind!
What lie beneath its sceptre's sway?
The million wills of humankind,
Empire's young strength, and old decay;

The laws that grasp the viewless wind,
  The science of the Solar way;
The chains by eloquence entwined;
  Sovereign!—all lie beneath thy sceptre's sway.

The SOUL, the soaring soul!
  What lie beneath thy fiery wing?
Beneath thee burns the starry Pole,
  Above thee sits, alone, thy KING!
Thou, when the final thunders roll,
  In glory from the grave shalt spring,
Life, Death, and Heaven—the mighty whole—
  Immortal! lie beneath thy fiery wing.

SORROW.

SLIGHT comes the pang, slight passes by,
  That melts itself in tears;
The stricken spirit that can sigh,
  No mortal arrow bears.
When Fate has snapped the heart's *true* ties,
It scorns the help of tears and sighs.

Or, if it still its pillow steeps,
  It tries the world to wile;
For night, its sacred sorrow keeps,
  For day, resumes the smile.
Till comes the hour—to meet above,
And thus it is, with *buried* Love!

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

ROLL on, thou SUN! in glory roll,
Thou Giant, rushing through the Heaven,
Creation's wonder, Nature's soul,
Thou hast no Morn, and hast no Even;
The Planets die without thy blaze;
The Cherubim, with star-dropt wing,
Float on the ocean of thy rays.
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely EARTH, in night and noon,
With Ocean's band of beauty bound,
While one sweet orb, the pearly Moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy plains, and mounts, and streams,
In day's magnificence of dyes,
Swift whirling, like transcendant dreams.

Roll, PLANETS, on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the Sun.
What eye beheld, when first ye glowed?
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll, in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendours of the skies,
Ye Altars, from which angels see
The incense of Creation rise.

Roll, COMETS, on your flaming cars,
  Ye heralds of sublimer skies;
Roll on, ye million-million STARS,
  Ye hosts, ye heavens of galaxies!
Ye, who the wilds of Nature roam,
  Unknown to all but angels' wings,
Tell us, in what more glorious dome,
  Rules all your worlds, the KING OF KINGS?

THE FURIES.

EUMENIDES! ye throned on flame!
What tongue dares name your darker name?
Sisters, and Sovereigns, of the Fates,
Who sit by Hell's eternal gates;
Where Cerberus, with sleepless howl,
Startles the demons, fierce and foul;
And sounds of weeping and of wail
For ever on the darkness sail!
I see your grandeur, drear and dim,
The gold-crowned brow, the giant limb,
The lurid, mighty eyes, whose gaze
Throws, even round Hell, a broader blaze;
Guarded by demigods of Earth,
The thunder-shattered Titan's birth,
That float around your cloudy throne,
Glistening like serpents—seen, and gone.

Ye tamers of all mortal pride,
Ye punishers of parricide,
Avengers of man's broken vows,
The tyrant husband, blood-stained spouse;
The guilt triumphant, yet untold;
The base, in soul already sold,
When traitors play the patriot's part,
(The last corruption of the heart),
And Faction coils its serpent-rings
Round the unguarded hours of Kings.
EUMENIDES! what kingdom stands,
When waves the sceptre in your hands?

Sepulchral Goddesses! your power
Awakes the conscience-striken hour!
Nor time, nor distance, day nor night,
Can screen the villain from your sight;
Sweeps he along the stormy surge,
Above him hangs your scorpion-scourge;
Takes he the desert-eagle's wing,
There your swift arrows fix their sting;
Flies he to Ocean's farthest shore,
You track him by his steps of gore;
He sees you on the whirlwind ride,
And wishes he at once had died!
But, when the darker vengeance still
For darker guilt, the world must thrill;
When crime, too deep to be forgiven,
Wakes the reluctant wrath of Heaven;

You leave the villain to his wiles,
Till the false world around him smiles;
All conscience quelled, all fear defied,
Life, to his glance, a golden tide;
All murmurs hushed, all storms o'erblown;
The game of fortune all his own!
Then, in some high-wrought, crowning hour,
Some day of pride, some feast of power,
Some hour of double life—and death!
Then, breathe your lips their fiery breath;
Your Sceptre strikes *one* viewless blow,
The palace and its lord are low!
A blow that seems the land to stun,
All gazing on the wretch undone;
A thunderbolt of ruin hurled,
A Moral to the startled World!
Awhile your giant forms are seen
The tempest-laden clouds between;
Each drinking, with earth-bended ear,
The curses round the hurried bier.
Then, vanished from the eyes of men,
Ye sit at Hell's dark gates again!

STANZAS SELECTED FROM THE "MODERN ORLANDO."

ENGLAND.

England, ere half a century has flown,
Thou'lt be *all* brickwork! chimneys all thy shade!
Thine only breezes, from their funnels blown:
Grass in Museums, twenty pounds a blade!
The Island one Bazaar,—one black Arcade:—
No river but Fleet-ditch,—no evening air,—
No plough, no lark, no tree, no nut-brown maid,—
No vale, no hill,—all brick, no room to spare,—
One London-suburb all,—all grim as Grosvenor Square.

ENERGY.

Earth's rough, yet noblest spell is—Energy!
Mind's hammer, hatchet, plough! the stern-faced dun,
That makes us pay our debt to man—or die!
Never to halt, until the race is run—

To know no weariness ; no danger shun ;
Until Time's hand has struck the crowning hour—
To think that nothing's done, till all is done—
Through day and night, through sunshine and through shower,
To fight the gallant fight ! — Resolve, itself, is power !

MONKS AND MONKISM.

Three-fourths of all I saw, were born to ploughs,
Or destined—spade in hand—to "mend our ways ;"
But, 'twas much pleasanter to make their vows
To walk the world in petticoats of baize ;
Living on alms ; their years all holidays ! —
Huge caterpillars, basking in the sun ;
Or fixing, in wild reveries, their gaze
On the rich features of some sainted nun :
Rome, Rome ! it is not *thus*, that Life's high deeds are done.

But then—"They look *so* pious and pathetic ;
So tonsured, sack-clothed, sallow, and resign'd !"
Enquire in London, "Wanted an Ascetic ;"
The "Times" will find you hundreds, to your mind,

Aye, thousands; all as piously inclined
To eat and drink for nothing, all their lives,
As any monk that ever dozed or dined:
Ready to trick their debtors, 'scape their wives,
Wear cowls, and cant, and fill with droneship all
your hives.

* * *

What man of *mind* has even seen the cloister,
But asked the question, "*Why*, such things were made
Was it to teach our race to ape the oyster,
Stuck to the stone, for ever, where 'twas laid?
Religion, but a hypocrite parade!
Man's glowing heart, and woman's love—a *crime!*
Life, a low game, by mutes and mummers played!
Existence measured by the church-clock's chime!

STORMS AT SEA.

Give me great Nature's summoners to thought—
The mountain's thunder-splintered pinnacle;
The living freshness of the ivied grot,
Where the young river gushes from its cell;
The low rich echoes that from forests swell,
Or ruined piles, by wild-wood flowers o'ergrown,

Where ancient sages taught, or heroes fell:
And glorious shapes seem haunting every stone;
And the world-wearied heart communes with
Heaven alone.

Nature, I love thee, in thy storm and calm,
In wilderness, or wave, I love thee still,
For thou alone hast power the pangs to balm,
That, but for thy sweet antidote, must *kill.*
Not, that I dare impeach the lofty will,
Which, like the lightning, struck me to the earth;
If mine are wounds too deep for human skill,
If bitter tears now mingle with my mirth;
I own the solemn bond — the burthen of man's
birth!

"Three sultry days, and then a thunder storm!"
France *condescends* to borrow England's weather,
So be it; *I* shall ask *no* sky-reform:
Better be drenched, than roast for months to-
gether;
Having your visage turned to varnished leather;
Earth fit for nothing, but a snake or ferret;
Hill, dale and plain, one crackling sheet of
heather;
The world half burnt, "with all that it inherit,"
I think, upon the whole, *our* thunder-storms *have*
merit.

Once, for my sins, I "summered it" abroad;
'Twas in that "land of rapture," Italy!
Within a week, my very soul was flawed;
Crackt like a jar! life round me ceased *to be.*
Off dropped the leaves from flower, and shrub, and tree;
Stript, like a ball-room belle, stood every vine;
(Romance, of course, will see what it *will* see).
All that *I* saw, from Alp to Appennine,
Was grimness, dust, and glare,—a landscape of the Line!

The storm has come!—I love that world of clouds,
With all its deepening, darkening, rolling, rushing!
Now, spreading, pale and wild, like giant shrouds;
Now, pile on pile, in fiery sunlight flushing;
Now, with the rain from all its fountains gushing;
Then, stooping on the hills, like funeral palls,
The thunderbolts the forest-monarchs crushing;
The streamlets bursting down in waterfalls;
Till comes the golden ray, to paint its airy halls.

The thunder dies away; the storm is past;—
The sun looks out from heaven, a lovelier sun;
The rain-drops from the trees fall bright and fast;
The rainbow shoots across the vapours dun;
The leverets o'er the freshened herbage run;
The flowers all seem their sister flowers caressing;

A general evening anthem has begun;
The birds, in song their little souls confessing;
Field, forest, breathing up their incense for the
blessing!

I have been long a connoisseur in storms—
Not these slight sprinklers of the summer plain;
But, would you worship Nature's grandest forms,
Leave forest, field, and mountain's marble chain;
And seek the goddess in her own domain,
The Ocean in its strength;—the blinding blaze;
The blasts, like iron columns; tropic rain
Pouring in cataracts; the sheeted sprays;
The tempest hiding Heaven for desperate nights
and days.

Take *my* experience in those showy things;
None (but your yachtsmen) scorn a hurricane.
First, all is stillness; to the mast-head clings
The lumbering sail; no breath disturbs the
vane;
The low horizon shows a blood-like stain;
The sky looks coppery; the air seems lead;
Far thunders mutter; fall slow drops of rain;
The sun on huge brown billows lays his head,
Then, shoots one broad red glare, and day at once
is fled.

Night drops death-dark; and, if on board a ship,
At anchor in some Windward island's lee,
You're *sure* to dream of taking your last trip,
Down to the bottom of the "deep deep" sea;
A million sharks upon you making free!
You *feel* their triple grinders taking bites!
You scream, and bounce from bed; the bell strikes three;
(The blackest hour of black West Indian nights;)
You find the crew all up, and hammering the dead-lights!

Landward, the view is thick as Indian ink;
Save where you see the flashing of a gun,
Or the wild tossing of some negro's link,
Waiting to pick your pocket, when *all's done!*
Ships, cutting cables, plump upon you run,
Threatening to send you to the "sailors' home."
Shouts, shrieks, and thunder-peals, your ear-drums stun;
Seaward, you see but one wide world of foam,
Surge rolling upon surge, huge as St. Peter's dome!

If peeps the moon, the sight but grows more horrid;
She looks a ghost, above a boundless grave;
With "hat-band" clouds about her dismal forehead;
The winds all howling out your funeral stave!

Then comes a crash — a groan! — that mountain-wave
Has done the deed! — the cable's snapt asunder! —
Your anchor's gone! — You need but choose, what cave,
Or crag, your Worship wishes to lie under;
With grampusses for mutes; chief mourners, surge and thunder!

Then, chops the wind — at first, a stout north-wester,
Right in your teeth; you reef, so forth, and brail;
Thinking all snug. — Then comes a stout north-easter,
Right on your stern; away go shroud and sail!
No sooner has it caught you by the tail,
Than comes another, stiff upon your beam;
Your vessel pitches, like a stranded whale;
You hear the water rush through leak and seam;
And whirl away bare-poled, along the Great Gulf Stream!

But, when the gale is done, Jack's work is done;
He takes his sport, with all the world before him;
Cares for the world no more than his great gun!
No taxes, politics, or fashions *bore* him!

Happy to think that all the sex adore him !
He rows life's long-boat with a hearty pull ;
(Unless some land-shark manages to *shore* him ;)
Steady of heart and hand, and quick of scull :
Yet there *are* tales of thy simplicity, John Bull !

THE RIFLEMEN'S GATHERING.

ENGLAND calls to her sons, and they answer the call
From the ploughman's low thatch, to the noble's proud hall,
From the thousand-fill'd mart, from depths of the mine,
From the fisherman's hut, from philosopher's shrine.
From the corn-cover'd vale, to the forest-crown'd hill,
All show that Old England is Old England *still*.

Like the rock that stands up in the shock of the waves,
England lifts her free front in earth's millions of slaves ;
Still kneels to the altar, still honours the throne,
Still worships her God, and Him worships alone ;
The champion of nations, in earth's wildest clan,
Still owning God's image imprinted on man.

Let the despot come on in the pride of his *name*,
He will find us the men who baptized it in shame;
No conscripts, no slaves, dragged in chains to the
field,
But the sons of the free, who may *die*, but not yield:
Whose flag o'er the trampled tricolor once flew,
On thy death-day of empire, sublime Waterloo!

The hunter has come from the chase of the deer,
The fisher no more casts the net or the spear,
The sportsman has left in the woodlands his game,
The beacon is blazing, and all feel the flame;
The high and the humble, the son and the sire,
All stand round their island, a rampart of fire!

But, hark! is it thunder that strikes on my ear?
'Tis the Riflemen's rush, 'tis the Riflemen's cheer.
That cheer never learn'd by the lip of a slave,
That cheer that comes straight from the heart of
the brave.
Magnificent echo! that tells to the sky,
The resolve of the hero to conquer or die!

They pour on the field, like the storm from the cloud,
They fire! all is covered with battle's dark shroud.
Now rattles the rifle, and clashes the steel,
All is charge upon charge, and peal upon peal

Till, like chaff from the shore, the invader is
driven,
And the cloud rises up — freedom's incense to
heaven!

England seeks for no triumph, she seeks for no
spoil,
She leaves to all nations the fruits of their toil;
'Tis *her* glory to give to each people and throne,
The rights which her fathers once won for her
own;
To unshackle the bondsman, to enlighten the
blind,
And make her *own* freedom the *hope* of mankind!"

The following List is taken from the Catalogue of the Library at the British Museum, in which there are *forty-six* entries under Dr. Croly's name, although several of his works, and some of his best, are not mentioned in that catalogue. It is, moreover, well-known that the greater portion of the Doctor's writings were published anonymously, consequently this list will convey no idea of the extent of his labours as an author:—

1817. Paris in 1815; a Poem.
1818. Lines on the Death of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.
1820. The Angel of the World and other Poems.
1822. Gems.
1822. Catiline; a Tragedy.
1825. The Popish Question.
1827. Catiline; a Drama.
1827. The Apocalypse of St. John.
1828. The Beauties of the British Poets. 2 vols.
1828. The Englishman's Polar Star.

1830. Poetical Works. 2 vols.
1830. The Life and Times of George the Fourth.
1834. Memoir of Bishop Butler.
1834. The three Cycles of Revelation showing the parallelism of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Dispensations. Being a new evidence of the Divine Origin of Christianity. 3 vols.
1835. Discourse on the Spread of the Gospel, the Safeguard of England.
1838. Discourse on the Reformation.
1839. England the Fortress of Christianity.
1840. A Memoir of the Political Life of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, with extracts from his writings.
1842. Historical Sketches, Speeches, and Characters
1842. The Holy Land.
1843. Discourse on the Universal Kingdom.
1846. Marston; or, the Soldier and Statesman. 3 vols.
1846. The Modern Orlando.
1848. The claims of the Jews incompatible with the National Profession of Christianity.
1848. Sermons preached in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, &c.

1852. Discourse on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
1853. Lecture on Irish Eloquence, delivered before the Young Mens' Christian Association.
1853. The Church of England.
1853. National Defence essential to National Safety.
1854. Discourse on England, Turkey, and Russia.
1855. Salathiel.
1858. Life of Luther.
1858. Discourse on the Intercession of Christ.
1860. Discourse on Divine Providence.

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